

THE  
POETICAL WORKS  
OF  
WILLIAM FALCONER.

WITH  
THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

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Cooke's Edition.

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'Tis mine, retir'd beneath this cavern hoar,  
That harks a' lonely on the sea-beat shore,  
For other themes or deep distress to sing,  
Than ever trembled from the vocal string.  
No pomp of lute or swell is in' exalted strain,  
Nor gleaming arms ring'd with death on the plain:  
But, o'er the scene while pale remembrance weeps,  
Fate with fell triumph rides up on the deeps.  
Here host's elements tumultuous rise,  
And battle's host do rebel against the skies;  
'Till hope expires, and peril and dismay  
Wave their black ensigns on the wat'ry way.

*Shipwreck, Canto I.*

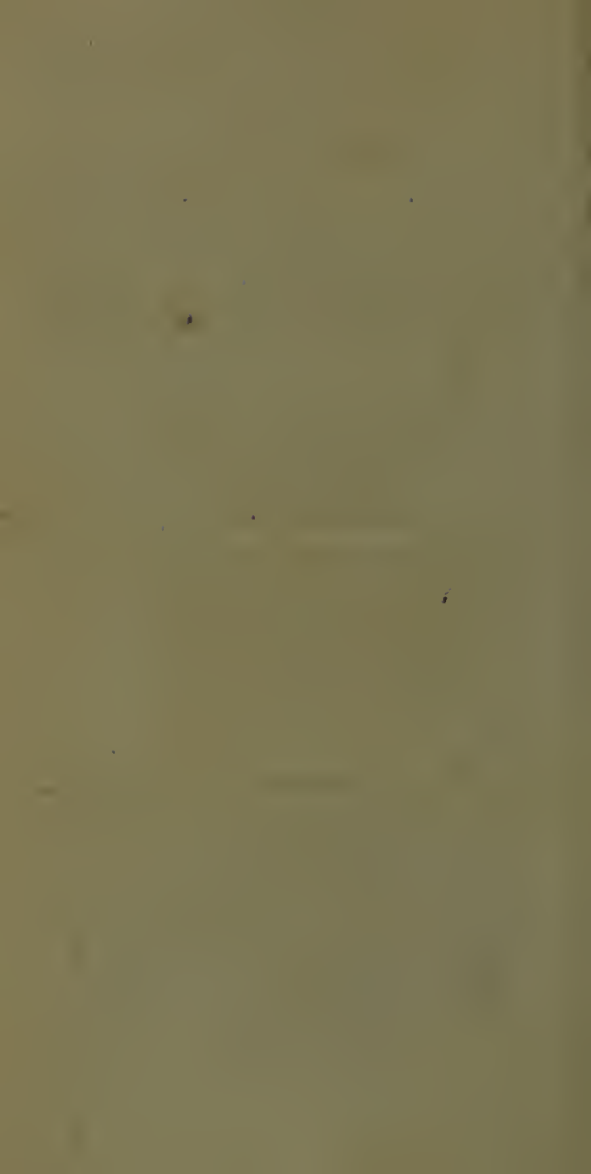
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THE  
POETICAL WORKS  
OF  
WILLIAM FALCONER.

CONTAINING HIS  
SHIPWRECK, | DEMAGOGUE,  
ODES, | SONGS,  
    &c. &c.

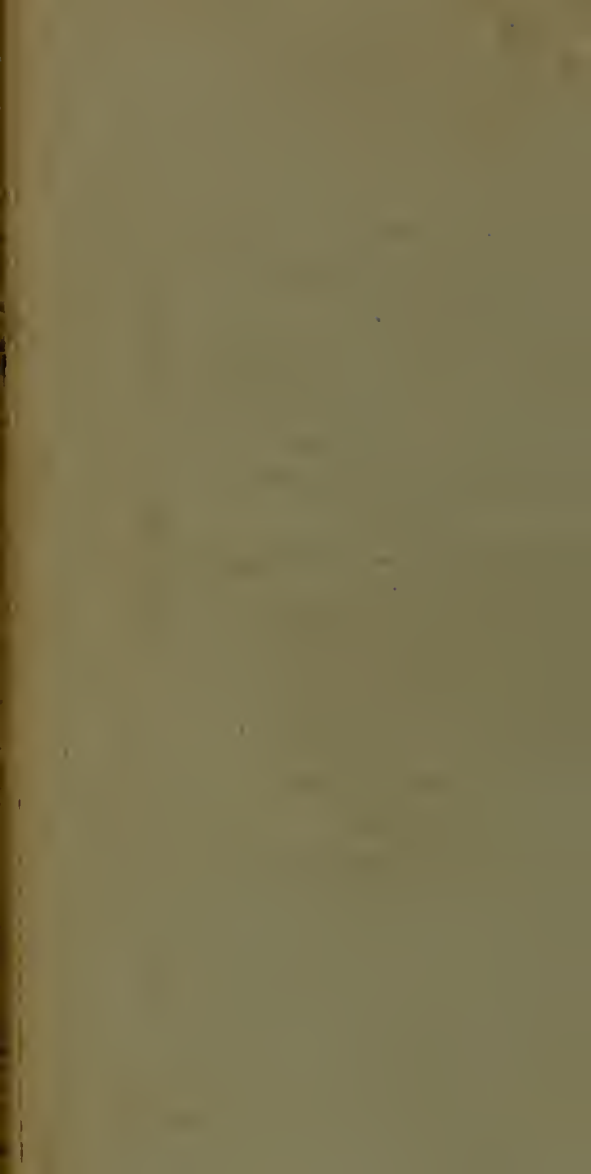
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Old Ocean, hallow'd beneath whose azure zone  
The secret deep lies unexplor'd, unknown.  
Approach, ye brave companions of the sea,  
And feast your view this awful scene with me!  
Ye native guardians of your country's laws!  
Ye bold assertors of her sacred cause!  
The muse invites you; judge if she depart  
Unequal from the precept of your art.  
In practice train'd, add conscious of her pow'r,  
Her steps intrepid meet the trying hour.

*Shipwreck, Canto II.*

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London,  
PRINTED AND EMBELLISHED  
Under the Direction of  
C. COOKE.



# THE LIFE OF WILLIAM FALCONER.

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THERE are not any authentic memorials of the family, place of nativity, or education, of William Falconer, author of the following productions. All that can be ascertained is, that he was born in Scotland, bred to the sea, and passed the greatest part of his life a mariner. But as true genius will surmount every obstacle, and rise superior to every impediment, our Author displayed his poetical powers at an early age, in a work published at Edinburgh in 1751, entitled; *A Poem sacred to the Memory of Frederic Prince of Wales.*

In 1762 he published his next and best performance, entitled, *The Shipwreck, a Poem, in three Cantos, by a Sailor.* The main subject of this admirable composition is the loss of the ship *Britannia*, a merchantman, bound from Alexandria to Venice, which touched at the island of Candia, whence proceeding on her voyage, she met with a violent storm, that drove her on the coast of Greece, where she suffered shipwreck near Cape Colonne, three only of the crew being left alive. This Poem he inscribed to Edward Duke of York, next brother to his present Majesty; and to illustrate many passages in it, very judiciously prefixed a chart of the ship's way, and a section of the ship itself.

It appears, from some parts of this Poem, and particularly the motto,

—————quæque ipse miserrima vidi,  
Et quorum pars magna fui,—————

that he was a mariner on board the *Britannia*, and exposed to all the horrors he so forcibly describes.

The favourable reception which this piece so justly obtained from the public, rose highly to the reputation of the Author, who emerged from the obscurity of his former life, and being patronized by the Duke of York, to whom he addressed an *Ode on his second Departure from England as Rear-Admiral*, was soon appointed purser to the Royal George, one of the ships in his Majesty's navy.

His next poetical effort was a satirical poem called *The Demagogue*, in which availing of the political squabbles of that day, whose prejudices were carried to an extreme height, he seized a convenient opportunity for ingratiating himself with the Ministry, he censures, with great accuracy, the public character and conduct of Mr. Pitt, who afterwards created Earl of Chatham, as well as his partizans and adherents, Wilkes, Churchill, and others.

In 1764 he published a new Edition of *The Shipwreck*, considerably enlarged by the addition of new descriptions, characters, episodes, &c. which increased it to the length of a thousand lines more than the former.

In 1769 he published his *Marine Dictionary*, a work not only of ingenuity, but of the greatest utility to such as wish to pursue nautical knowledge, or acquire a proficiency in naval architecture.

Soon after he published a third edition of *Shipwreck*, with alterations, which enhanced his reputation he had acquired by the two former. At the close of this year he embarked with several East India supercargoes on board the frigate, in expectation of improving his knowledge in those climes which had proved so successful to former adventurers; but as no tidings had been heard of the ship since she left the Cape of Hope, in December, 1769, it is generally supposed she had taken fire, and that all the crew perished.

is the last circumstance which is known respecting  
 fate of our Author.

Falconer seems to have possessed a strong natural  
 bias for Poetry; his compositions partake more  
 the effusions of fancy, than the labour of art.  
 Demagogue, Poem on the Death of the Prince  
 of Wales, Ode on the Duke of York's Departure  
 from England, The Fond Lover, &c. have their  
 respective merits; but the Shipwreck has fixed  
 fame on the solid basis of universal approbation,  
 and will be read with pleasure so long as a taste  
 for genuine Poetry shall prevail. From this ad-  
 mirable production, which abounds with beauties,  
 we shall cite a few select passages, in order to demon-  
 strate the great powers of the Author in the display  
 of new and original scenes, taken from nature, and  
 drawn from actual observation; and enriched with all  
 variety of description that can impress and cap-  
 tivate the mind of the reader.

After a pertinent and allusive introduction, the  
 Poet enters on a comparative description of the  
 present and ancient state of Candia, and beautifully descants on the  
 difference of its present state from that of ancient  
 Crete.

These eyes have seen, while famish'd babes complain,  
 The barren soil a seventh year till'd in vain;  
 No lovely Helens grace the wretched shore,  
 Nor Cythereas rival gods adore:  
 No fair Penelopes' attract the eye,  
 Nor whom contending kings were proud to die;  
 No blooming cheeks, that shame the rosy morn,  
 Nor snowy breast, the flavid nymphs adorn.  
 Ah! would those charms, so fam'd in Grecian lore,  
 Appear, transported to Britannia's shore.

In describing the ship's course, after putting to  
 sea from the Island of Candia, the Poet introduces  
 a number of picturesque scenes, such as a prospect  
 of the shore, a shoal of dolphins, water spouts, and  
 other objects equally curious and pleasing.

In this Poem the Author affords an ample display of the combination of nautical ability with poetical talents; in fact, he writes as becomes an able seaman and an accomplished Poet; representing the storm, the consultations of the pilots, and the operations of the seamen, in language conformable to marine technical terms, embellished with all the spontaneous flow and smooth harmony of verse.

A very judicious commentator observes, "That if Homer has been justly admired for reducing a catalogue of ships into tolerably flowing verse, what praise must be due to Falconer, that poetical sailor, the nursing of Apollo, educated by Neptune who has versified his own sea language with equal skill and propriety;" These observations are fully confirmed by the following lines:

The main-sail, by the squall so lately rent,  
In streaming pendants flying, is unbent:  
With brails refix'd, another soon prepar'd,  
Ascending spreads along beneath the yard:  
To each yard-arm the head-rope they extend,  
And soon the earings and the robands bend.  
That task dispatch'd, they first the braces slack,  
Then to the chess-tree bring aboard the tack:  
And, while the lee clue-garnet's lower'd away,  
Tort ast the sheet, they tally, and belay.

If this description confines the Author to technical phrases, which may not accord with the taste of such as are not accustomed to sea language; the following, it is presumed, will be universally acknowledged to possess all the beauties of elegance and harmony.

Contiguous here, with hallow'd woods o'erspread,  
Renown'd Parnassus rears its honour'd head:  
Their roses blossom in eternal spring,  
And strains celestial feather'd warblers sing;  
Apollo, here, bestows th' unfading wreath;  
Here zephyrs aromatic odours breathe;



They o'er Castalian plains diffuse perfume,  
 Where o'er the vales perennial laurels bloom.  
 Here, with immortal harps, the sacred Nine  
 Exalt to ecstacy their songs divine;  
 In vocal melody their notes decay,  
 And melt, to softest love, the dying lay.  
 Their numbers every mental storm controul,  
 And lull to harmony th' afflicted soul;  
 With heavenly balm the tortur'd breast compose,  
 And sooth the agony of latent woes.  
 The verdant shades that Helicon surround,  
 On rosy gales, seraphic tunes resound:  
 Perpetual summers crown the happy hours,  
 Sweet as the breath that fans Elysian flowers:  
 Here pleasure dances in an endless round,  
 And love and joy ineffable abound.  
 Adieu, ye flow'ry vales, and fragrant scenes,  
 Delightful bow'rs, and ever-vernal greens!  
 Ye winds that o'er Aonian vallies blow,  
 Ye lucid streams that round Pieria flow:  
 Ye virgin-daughters of the Sun, who dwell  
 In blissful Eæotian realms, a long farewell!  
 From happy realms, reluctant now I go  
 To raging elements, and scenes of woe.

Our Author seems, in many of his representations,  
 to have an eye to Virgil; indeed, he wishes for  
 the powers of the Roman Bard to describe the  
 horrors of a tempestuous ocean, and the dire fate of  
 those

Who, on the verge of death, in vain deplore  
 Impervious dangers on a lee-ward shore.

Several judicious and candid critics have offered  
 as their opinion, that many of the descriptive  
 parts in Falconer's *Shipwreck* are by no means  
 inferior to passages on the same subjects which  
 occur in the Third and Fifth Books of the *Æneid*:  
 and, indeed, have gone so far as to assert, that his  
 poem appears to much greater advantage than the  
*Æneid* of Virgil.

In what glowing colours does our Author depict the tremendous scene of the ship's splitting on the rocks!

Lifted on gath'ring billows, up she flies,  
 Her shatter'd top half buried in the skies;  
 Borne o'er a latent reef, the hull impends,  
 Then thund'ring on the marble crags descends:  
 Down on the vale of death, with horrid cries,  
 The fated wretches, trembling, cast their eyes,  
 Lost to all hope: when, lo! a second shock  
 Bulges the splitting vessel on the rock;  
 Her groaning bulk the dire concussion feels,  
 And with up-heaving floods she nods and reels;  
 Repeated strokes her crashing ribs divide, [tide.  
 She loosens, parts, and spreads in ruins o'er the

In fine, every reader of sensibility must be deeply affected by the tale, and highly charmed with the manner in which it is related: in justice, therefore, to so admirable a production, we cite, as the last, though not least, of its beauties, the following concluding lines:

Rous'd by the tempest, and the blustering night,  
 A troop of Grecians mount Colonne's height;  
 When, gazing down with horror on the flood,  
 Full to their view a scene of ruin stood;  
 The sea with mangled bodies cover'd o'er,  
 And those yet breathing on the sea-beat shore;  
 Tho' lost to science and the nobler arts,  
 Yet nature's lore inform'd their simple hearts:  
 Strait down the vale their hastening steps they bend,  
 The wretched sufferers helpful to attend:  
 Three still alive, in mournful plight, they find,  
 Benumb'd and shiv'ring, on a rock reclin'd:  
 Th' affected natives, touch'd with gen'rous pain,  
 The feeble seamen in their arms sustain;  
 With pitying sighs their helpless lot deplore,  
 And lead them trembling from the fatal shore.







*A Merchant Ship with her Masts, Yards & Rigging, Illustrative of the Poem of the Shipwreck.*

# DESCRIPTION OF THE PLATE,

REPRESENTING AN

*Elevation of a Merchant-Ship,*

With her MASTS, YARDS, SAILS, and RIGGING,

*Particularly designed as an Illustration of the Poem of the*

SHIPWRECK.

## Bowsprit and Rigging

- 1 Bowsprit.
  - 2 Jibb boom and H rses.
  - 3 Bobb stavs.
  - 4 Gammoning.
  - 5 Spritsail and Yard.
  - 6 Spritsail Topsail and Yard.
  - 7 Spritsail lifts, see lifts.
  - 8 Spritsail Braces.
  - 9 Spritsail Clue lines.
  - 10 Spritsail Sheets.
  - 7 Lifts.
  - 8 Braces.
  - 9 Clue-lines.
  - 10 Sheets.
  - 11 Hallyards.
  - 12 Jibb furl'd on the Boom.
  - 13 Jibb Hallyards.
  - 14 Jibb Stay.
  - 15 Fore topgallant Stay.
  - 16 Fore topmast Stay.
  - 17 Fore topmast Stay Sail.
  - 18 Netting for Ditto.
  - 19 Forestays.
  - 1 Mast
  - 5 Yard and sail:
  - 6 Shrouds.
  - 7 Lifts. 11 Hallyards.
  - 8 Braces.
  - 9 Chaelines.
  - 10 Sheets.
  - 3 Cap
- Fore-top-Mast and Rigging.*
- 3 Cross trees.
  - 6 Shrouds.
  - 11 Stayfail Hallyards.
  - 4 Back Stays.
  - 5 Yard and Sail Hoisted.

## Fore-Mast and Rigging.

- 3 Yard and sail.
  - 21 Crowfoot.
  - 6 Shrouds.
  - 18 Rattlings.
  - 3 Top.
  - 19 Lannyards.
  - 20 Dead eyes.
  - 11 Tye and Jears.
  - 22 Tacks.
  - 10 Sheets.
  - 9 Clue-Garnetts.
  - 10 Bunt-lines.
  - 23 Leech-lines.
  - 17 Bow-lines.
  - 7 Lifts.
  - 8 Braces.
  - 24 Horses and Stirrups.
  - 1 Mast.
  - 3 Yard and sail.
  - 6 Shrouds.
  - 7 Lifts.
  - 8 Braces.
  - 17 Bow-lines.
  - 9 Clue lines.
  - 10 Sheets.
  - 2 Cap.
  - 25 Stay.
  - 11 Stayfail Hallyards.
  - 11 Hallyards.
- Maintop-gallant.*
- Maintop-Mast and Rigging.*
- 3 Cross trees.
  - 25 Middle Stayfail stay and Hallyards.
  - 6 Shrouds.
  - 4 Back Stays.
  - 25 Stay, and Stayfail Hallyards.
  - 3 Yard and sail.

# DESCRIPTION OF THE PLATE.

*Fore Top-sail.*

- 7 Lifts.
- 8 Braces.
- 9 Clue-lines.
- 12 Reef-Tackles.
- 13 Reefs.
- 14 Points.
- 15 Earings.
- 16 Bunt-lines.
- 11 Halliards.
- 17 Bow-lines.

## *Main-Mast and Rigging.*

*Main.*

- 5 Yard and sail.
- 6 Shrouds.
- 18 Rattlings.
- 21 Crowfoot.
- 25 Stay.
- 3 Top.
- 19 Lannyards.
- 20 Dead eyes.
- 11 Tye and Jears.
- 22 Tacks.
- 10 sheets.
- 9 Clue Garnets.
- 16 Bunt lines.
- 23 Leech lines.
- 17 Bow lines.
- 7 Lifts.
- 8 Braces.
- 24 Horses and Stirrups.

## *Parts of the Hull.*

- A. Head.
- B. Rails.
- C. Cull Water.
- D. Bow,                   † Chains.
- E. Catt Heads.
- F. Boat on the Booms.
- G. Chest-Tree.
- H. Quarte.
- I. Taffarel.
- K. Poop.
- L. Poop Lanthorn.
- M. Ensign.
- N. Companion.
- O. Binnacle.
- P. Wheel.
- R. Hawse Hole.

*Main-top Sail.*

- 7 Lifts.
- 8 Braces.
- 9 Clue-lines.
- 10 Sheets.
- 16 Bunt-lines.
- 11 Ha'lyards.
- 17 Bow-lines.
- 12 Reef Tackles.

*Mizen Topgallant.*

- 1 Mast.
- 5 Yard and sail
- 6 Shrouds.
- 7 Lifts.
- 8 Braces.
- 9 Clue-lines.
- 10 Sheets.
- 2 Cap.
- 25 Stay.

## *Mizen Topmast and Rigging.*

- 3 Cross Trees.
- 25 Stay and Stay-sail Halliards.
- 6 Shrouds.
- 4 Back Stays.
- 5 Yard and sail.
- 7 Lifts.
- 8 Braces.
- 9 Clue-lines.
- 16 Bunt-lines.
- 10 Sheets.
- 17 Bow lines.
- 11 Halliards.

## *Mizen-Mast and Rigging*

- 5 Yard and sail
- 3 Top.
- 25 Stay.
- 20 Stay sail.
- 6 Shrouds.
- 27 Brails.
- 10 Sheet.
- 11 Reef.
- 5 Cros. Jack Yard.
- 21 Crowfoot.
- 19 Lannyards.



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# THE SHIPWRECK.

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## CANTO I.

### The Argument.

PROPOSAL of the Subject. Invocation. Apology. Allegorical Description of Memory. Appeal to her Assistance. The Story begun. Retrospect of the former Part of the Voyage. The Ship arrives at Candia. Ancient State of that Island. Present State of the adjacent Isle of Greece. The Season of the Year. Character of the Master and his Officers. Story of Palæmon and Anna. Evening described. Midnight. The Ship weighs Anchor, and departs from the Haven. State of the Master. Morning. Situation of the neighbouring Shores. Operation of taking the Sun's Azimuth. Description of the Vessel as seen from the Land.

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*THE Scene is near the City of Candia; and the Time about four Days and a half. The Scene of the second Canto lies in the Sea, between Cape Fréscin in Asia, and the Island of Falconera, which is nearly twelve Leagues Northward Cape Spada. The Time is from Nine in the Morning till One o'Clock of the ensuing Morning.*

---

WHILE jarring interests wake the world to arms,  
And fright the paleful vale with dire alarms;  
While Ocean hears vindictive thunders roll,  
Along his trembling wave from pole to pole;  
Black of the scene, where war, with ruthless hand,  
Spreads desolation o'er the bleeding land;  
Black of the tumult, where the trumpet's breath  
Kinds ruin smile, and drowns the groan of death!  
Tis mine, retir'd beneath this cavern hoar,  
That stands all lonely on the sea-beat shore,  
Far other themes of deep distress to sing  
Than ever trembled from the vocal string.  
No pomp of battle swells th' exalted strain,  
Nor gleaming arms ring dreadful on the plain:  
But, o'er the scene while pale remembrance sleeps,  
Death with fell triumph rides upon the deeps.  
Where hostile elements tumultuous rise,  
And lawless floods rebel against the skies,  
Till hope expires, and Peril and Dilmay  
Wave their black ensigns on the watery way.

Immortal train, who guide the maze of song,  
 To whom all science, arts and arms belong;  
 Who bid the trumpet of eternal fame  
 Exalt the warrior's and the poet's name!  
 If e'er with trembling hope I fondly stray'd,  
 In life's fair morn, beneath your hallowed shade,  
 To hear the sweetly-mournful lute complain,  
 And melt the heart with ecstacy of pain;  
 Or listen, while th' enchanting voice of love,  
 While all Elysium warbled through the grove;  
 Oh! by the hollow blast that moans around,  
 That sweeps the mild harp with a plaintive sound;  
 By the long surge that scams through yonder cave,  
 Whose vaults remunerar to the roaring wave;  
 With living colours give my verse to glow,  
 The sad memorial of a tale of woe!

A scene from dumb oblivion to restore,  
 To fame unknown, and new to epic lore!

Alas! neglected by the sacred Nine,  
 Their suppliant feels no genial ray divine!  
 Ah! will they leave Pieria's happy shore,  
 To plow the tide where wintry tempests roar!  
 Or shall a youth approach their hallow'd fane,  
 Stranger to Phœbus, and the tuneful train!  
 Far from the muse's academic grove,  
 'Twas his the vast and tractless deep to rove.  
 Alternate change of climates has he known,  
 And felt the fierce extremes of either zone,  
 Where polar skies congeal th' eternal snow,  
 Or equinoctial suns for ever glow.  
 Smote by the freezing or the scorching blast,  
 'A ship-boy on the high and giddy mast,'  
 From regions where Peruvian billows roar,  
 To the bleak coasts of savage Labrador.  
 From where Damascus, pride of Asian plains!  
 Stoops her proud neck beneath tyrannic chains,  
 To where the Isthmus, † lav'd by adverse tides,  
 Atlantic and Pacific seas divides.



while he measur'd o'er the painful race,  
 Fortune's wild illimitable chace,  
 Ever his, companion of his way !  
 All o'er the victim hung with iron sway ;  
 And new distresses every instant grow,  
 Marking each change of place with change of woe.  
 Regions where the Almighty's chastening hand  
 With livid pestilence afflicts the land ;  
 Where pale Famine blasts the hopeful year,  
 Parent of want and misery severe !  
 Where, all dreadful in the embattled line,  
 The hostile ships in flaming combat join ;  
 Where the torn vessel winds and waves assail,  
 Till o'er her crew distress and death prevail ;  
 Where'er he wandered, thus vindictive Fate  
 Pursu'd his weary steps with lasting hate !  
 Ours'd by her mandate, storms of black array  
 O'ertur'd the morn of life's advancing day ;  
 Relax'd the sinews of the living lyre,  
 And quench'd the kindling spark of vital fire.  
 Thus while forgotten or unknown he woos,  
 What hope to win the coy reluctant Muse !  
 Then let not censure, with malignant joy,  
 The harvest of his humble hope destroy !  
 His verse no laurel wreath attempts to claim,  
 Nor sculptur'd bras to tell the poet's name.  
 Terms uncouth, and jarring phrases, wound  
 The softer sense with inharmonious sound,  
 Yet here let listening sympathy prevail,  
 While conscious truth unfolds her piteous tale !  
 And lo ! the power that wakes th' eventful song,  
 Lasts hither from Lethean banks along :  
 He sweeps the gloom, and rushing on the sight,  
 Spreads o'er the kindling scene propitious light !  
 On her right-hand an amp'le roll appears,  
 Fraught with long annals of preceding years ;  
 With every wise and noble art of man,  
 Since first the circling hours their course began :  
 Her left a silver wand on high display'd,  
 Whose magic touch dispels oblivion's shade.

Pensive her look ; on radiant wings that glow,  
Like Juno's bird, or Iris's flaming bow,  
She sails ; and swifter than the course of light  
Directs her rapid intellectual flight.

The fugitive ideas she restores,  
And calls the wandering thought from Lethe's shores.  
To things long past a second date she gives,  
And hoary time from her fresh youth receives.  
Congenial sister of immortal Fame,  
She shares her power, and Memory is her name.

O first-born daughter of primeval time !  
By whom transmitted down in every clime,  
The deeds of ages long elaps'd are known,  
And blazon'd glories spread from zone to zone ;  
Whose breath dissolves the gloom of mental night,  
And o'er th' obscur'd idea pours the light !  
Whose wing unerring glides thro' time and place,  
And tractlessours th' immensity of space !  
Say ! on what seas, for thou alone canst tell,  
What dire mishap a fated ship beset,  
Assail'd by tempests, girt with hostile shores ;  
Arise ! approach ! unlock thy treasure'd stores !

A ship from Egypt, o'er the deep impell'd  
By guiding winds, her course for Venice held ;  
Of fam'd Britannia were the gallant crew,  
And from that isle her name the vessel drew.  
The wayward steps of Fortune, that delude  
Full oft to ruin, eager they pursu'd,  
And, dazzled by her visionary glare,  
Advanc'd incautious of each fatal snare ;  
Tho' warn'd full oft the slippery path to shun,  
Yet Hope, with flattering voice betray'd them on.  
Beguil'd to danger thus, they left behind  
The scene of peace and social joy resign'd.  
Long absent they from friends and native home,  
The cheerless ocean were inur'd to roam ;  
Yet heaven, in pity to severe distress,  
Had crown'd each painful voyage with success ;  
Still, to atone for toils and hazards past,  
Restor'd them to maternal plains at last.

Thrice had the sun, to rule the varying year,  
 Across th' equator roll'd his flaming sphere,  
 Since last the vessel spread her ample sail  
 From Albion's coast, obsequious to the gale.  
 He o'er the spacious flood, from shore to shore,  
 Inwearying wasted her commercial store.  
 The richest ports of Afric she had view'd,  
 Thence to fair Italy her course pursu'd ;  
 Had left behind Trinacria's burning isle,  
 And visited the margin of the Nile.

And now, that winter deepens round the pole,  
 The circling voyage hastens to its goal,  
 They, blind to Fate's inevitable law,  
 No dark event to blast their hope foresaw ;  
 But from gay Venice soon expect to steer  
 For Britain's coast, and tread no perils near.  
 A thousand tender thoughts their souls employ,  
 That fondly dance to scenes of future joy.

Thus time elaps'd, while o'er the pathless tide  
 Their ship thro' Grecian seas the pilots guide.  
 Occasion call'd to touch at Candia's shore,  
 Which, blest with favouring winds, they soon explore ;  
 The haven enter, borne before the gale,  
 Dispatch their commerce, and prepare to sail.

Eternal powers ! what ruins from afar  
 Mark the full track of desolating war !  
 Here art and commerce, with auspicious reign,  
 Once breath'd sweet influence on the happy plain !  
 While o'er the lawn, with dance and festive song,  
 Young Pleasure led the jocund hours along.  
 In gay luxuriance Ceres too was seen  
 To crown the vallies with eternal green.  
 For wealth, for valour, courted and rever'd,  
 What Albion is, fair Candia then appear'd  
 Ah ! who the flight of ages can revoke ?  
 The free-born spirit of her sons is broke ;  
 They bow to Ottoman's imperious yoke.  
 No longer fume the drooping heart inspires,  
 For rude oppression quench'd his genial fires.

But still her fields, with golden harvests crown'd,  
 Supply the barren shores of Greece around.  
 What pale distress afflicts those wretched isles !  
 There hope ne'er dawns, and pleasure never smiles.  
 The vassal wretch obsequious drags his chain,  
 And hears his famish'd babes lament in vain.  
 These eyes have seen the dull reluctant soil  
 A seventh year scorn the weary lab'rer's toil.  
 No blooming Venus on the desert shore,  
 Nor views, with triumph, captive gods adore.  
 No lovely Helens now, with fatal charms,  
 Call forth th' avenging chiefs of Greece to arms.  
 No fair Penelopes enchant the eye,  
 For whom contending kings are proud to die.  
 Here sullen beauty sheds a twilight ray,  
 While sorrow bids her vernal bloom decay.  
 Those charms, so long renown'd in classic strains,  
 Had dimly shone on Albion's happier plains !  
 Now, in the southern hemisphere, the sun  
 Thro' the bright Virgin and the Scales had run,  
 And on the ecliptic wheel'd his winding way,  
 'Till the fierce Scorpion felt his flaming ray.  
 The ship was moor'd beside the wave-worn strand ;  
 Four days her anchors bite the golden sand :  
 For sickening vapours lull the air to sleep,  
 And not a breeze awakes the silent deep.  
 This, when th' autumnal equinox is o'er,  
 And Phœbus in the north declines no more,  
 The watchful mariner, whom heaven informs,  
 Oft deems the prelude of approaching storms.  
 True to his trust when sacred duty calls,  
 No brooding storm the master's soul appals ;  
 Th' advancing season warns him to the main :  
 A captive, fetter'd to the car of gain !  
 His anxious heart, impatient of delay,  
 Expects the winds to sail from Candia's bay ;  
 Determin'd, from whatever point they rise,  
 To trust his fortune to the seas and skies.  
 Thou living ray of intellectual fire,  
 Whose voluntary gleams my verse inspire !

Ere yet the deep'ning incidents prevail,  
Till rous'd attention feel our plaintive tale,  
Record whom, chief among the gallant crew,  
Th' unblest pursuit of fortune hither drew !  
Can sons of Neptune, generous, brave, and bold,  
In pain and hazard toil for sordid gold ?  
They can ! for gold, too oft', with magic art,  
Subdues each nobler impulse of the heart :  
This crowns the prosperous villain with applause,  
To whom, in vain, sad Merit pleads her cause :  
This strews with roses life's perplexing road,  
And leads the way to Pleasure's blest abode ;  
With slaughter'd victims fills the weeping plain,  
And smooths the furrows of the treacherous main.

O'er the gay vessel and her daring band,  
Experienc'd Albert held the chief command ;  
Tho' train'd in boisterous elements, his mind  
Was yet by soft humanity refin'd.  
Each joy of wedded love at home he knew ;  
Abroad confess the father of his crew !  
Brave, liberal, just, the calm domestic scene  
Had o'er his temper breath'd a gay serene.  
Him science taught by mystic lore to trace  
The planets wheeling in eternal race ;  
To mark the ship in floating balance held,  
By earth attracted and by seas repell'd ;  
Or point her devious track, thro' climes unknown,  
That leads to every shore and every zone.  
He saw the moon thro' heaven's blue concave glide,  
And into motion charm th' expanding tide ;  
While earth impetuous round her axle rolls,  
Exalts her wat'ry zone, and sinks the poles.  
Light and attraction, from her genial source,  
He saw still wandering with diminish'd force ;  
While on the margin of declining day,  
Night's shadowy cone reluctant melts away.  
Inur'd to peril, with unconquer'd soul,  
The chief beheld tempestuous oceans roll ;  
His genius, ever for the event prepar'd,  
Rose with the storm, and all its dangers shar'd.

# THE SHIPWRECK.

The second powers and office Rodmond bore;  
 Hardy son of England's further shore!  
 Where bleak Northumbria pours her savage train  
 In sable squadrons o'er the northern main;  
 That, with her pitchy entrails stor'd, resort,  
 Footy tribe! to fair Augusta's port.  
 Where'er in ambush lurk the fatal sands,  
 They claim the danger; proud of skilful bands!  
 Or while with darkling course their vessels sweep  
 The winding shore, or plow the faithless deep,  
 'Er bar\* and thence the watery path they found,  
 With dexterous arm; sagacious of the ground!  
 Fearless they combat every hostile wind,  
 Wheeling in in zy tracks with course inclin'd.  
 Expert to moor, where terrors line the road;  
 Or win the anchor from its dark abode:  
 But drooping and relax'd in climes afar,  
 Tumultuous and undisciplin'd in war.  
 Such Rodmond was; by learning unrefin'd,  
 That oft' enlightens to corrupt the mind.  
 Sisterous of manners; train'd in early youth  
 To scenes that shame the conscious cheek of truth;  
 To scenes that Nature's struggling voice controul,  
 And freeze compassion rising in the soul!  
 Where the grim hell-hounds, prowling round the shore,  
 With foul intent the stranded bark explore;  
 Deaf to the voice of woe, her decks they board,  
 While tardy Justice slumbers o'er her sword:  
 Th' indignant Muse, severely taught to feel,  
 Shrinks from a theme she blushes to reveal!  
 Too oft example, arm'd with poisons fell,  
 Pollutes the shrine where mercy loves to dwell:  
 Thus Rodmond, train'd by this unhallow'd crew,  
 The sacred social passions never knew:  
 Unskill'd to argue; in dispute yet loud;  
 Bold without caution; without honours proud;

\* A bar is known, in hydrography, to be a mass of earth or sand, collected by the surge of the sea, at the entrance of a river or haven, so as to render the navigation difficult, and often dangerous.

In art unschool'd, each veteran rule he priz'd,  
And all improvement haughtily despis'd:  
Though full oft to future perils blind,  
Yet still superior glow'd his daring mind,  
Though snar'd of death the reeling bark to guide,  
When midnight shades involve the raging tide.

To Rodmord next, in order of command,  
Succeeds the youngest of our naval band.

But what avails it to record a name

That courts no rank among the seas of fame?

While yet a stripling, oft' with fond alarms,  
His bosom danc'd to nature's boundless charms;

On him fair science dawn'd, in happier hour,  
Awakening into bloom young fancy's flower;

But frowning fortune, with untimely blast,  
The blossom wither'd, and the dawn o'ercast.

Forlorn of heart, and by severe decree

Condemn'd reluctant to the faithless sea;

With long farewell he left the laurel grove,

Where science and the tuneful sisters rove.

Hither he wander'd, anxious to explore

Antiquities of nations now no more;

To penetrate each distant realm unknown,

And range excursive o'er th' untravel'd zone.

In vain!—for rude adversity's command,

Stall on the margin of each fanous land,

With unrelenting ire his steps oppos'd,

And every gate of hope against him clos'd.

Permit my verse, ye blest Pierian train,

To call Arion this ill-fated swain!

For, like that bard unhappy, on his head  
Malignant stars their hostile influence shed.

Both, in lamenting numbers o'er the deep,

With conscious anguish taught the harp to weep;

And both the raging surge in safety bore

Amid' destruction panting to the shore.

This last our tragic story from the wave

Of dark oblivion happy yet may save;

With genuine sympathy may yet complain,

While sad remembrance bleeds at every vein.

Such were the pilots ; tutor'd to divine  
 h' untravel'd course by geometric line ;  
 train'd to command, and range the various sail,  
 whose various force conforms to every gale.  
 Charg'd with the commerce, hither also came  
 a gallant youth, Palemon was his name :  
 his father's stern resentment doom'd to prove,  
 he came, the victim of unhappy love !  
 his heart for Albert's beauteous daughter bled ;  
 for her a secret flame his bosom fed.  
 nor let the wretched slaves of folly scorn  
 his genuine passion, Nature's eldest-born !  
 'Twas his with lasting anguish to complain,  
 While blooming Anna mourn'd the cause in vain.  
 Graceful of form, by nature taught to please,  
 of power to melt the female breast with ease,  
 to her Palemon told his tender tale,  
 soft as the voice of summer's evening gale.  
 Perjoy'd he saw her lovely eyes relent ;  
 the blushing maiden smil'd with sweet consent.  
 In the mazes of a neighbouring grove,  
 unheard, they breath'd alternate vows of love :  
 by fond society their passion grew,  
 like the young blossom fed with vernal dew.  
 An evil hour th' officious tongue of Fame  
 betray'd the secret of their mutual flame.  
 With grief and anger struggling in his breast,  
 Palemon's father heard the tale confess.  
 Long had he listen'd with suspicious ear,  
 and learnt, sagacious, this event to fear.  
 Too well fair youth ! thy liberal heart he knew ;  
 heart to Nature's warm impressions true !  
 All oft' his wisdom strove, with fruitless toil,  
 With avarice to pollute that generous soil.  
 That soil, impregnated with nobler seed,  
 refus'd the culture of so rank a weed.  
 Late with wealth, in active commerce won,  
 and basking in the smile of Fortune's sun,  
 With scorn the parent ey'd the lowly shade  
 that veil'd the beauties of this charming maid.



Indignant he rebuk'd the enamour'd boy,  
 'The flattering promise of his future joy !  
 He sooth'd and menac'd, anxious to reclaim  
 This hopeless passion, or divert its aim :  
 Oft' led the youth where circling joys delight  
 The ravish'd sense, or beauty charms the sight.  
 With all her powers enchanting Music sail'd,  
 And Pleasure's siren-voice no more prevail'd.  
 The merchant, kindling then with proud disdain,  
 In look and voice assum'd a harsher strain :  
 In absence now his only hope remain'd ;  
 And such the stern decree his will ordain'd.  
 Deep anguish, while Palemon heard his doom,  
 Drew o'er his lovely face a saddening gloom.  
 In vain with bitter sorrow he repin'd  
 No tender pity touch'd that sordid mind ;  
 To thee, brave Albert, was the charge consign'd.  
 The stately ship, forsaking England's shore,  
 To regions far remote Palemon bore.  
 Incapable of change, th' unhappy youth  
 Still lov'd fair Anna with eternal truth :  
 From clime to clime an exile doom'd to roam,  
 His heart still panted for its secret home.

The moon had circled twice her wayward zone,  
 To him since young Arion first was known ;  
 Who, wandering here thro' many a scene renown'd,  
 In Alexandria's port the vessel found ;  
 Where, anxious to review his native shore,  
 He on the roaring wave embark'd once more.  
 Oft' by pale Cynthia's melancholy light,  
 With him Palemon kept the watch of night ;  
 In whose sad bosom many a sigh suppress'd,  
 Some painful secret of the soul confess'd.  
 Perhaps Arion soon the cause divin'd,  
 Tho' shunning still to probe a wounded mind :  
 He felt the chastity of silent woe,  
 Tho' glad the balm of comfort to bestow ;  
 He, with Palemon, oft' recounted o'er  
 The tales of hapless love in ancient lore.  
 Recall'd to memory of th' adjacent shore.

The scene thus present, and its story known,  
 The lover sigh'd for sorrows not his own.  
 Thus, tho' a recent date their friendship bore,  
 Soon the ripe metal own'd the quick'ning ore :  
 For in one tide their passions seem'd to roll,  
 By kindred age, and sympathy of soul.

These o'er th' inferior naval train preside,  
 The course determine, or the commerce guide :  
 O'er all the rest, an undistinguish'd crew !  
 Her wing of deepest shade Oblivion drew.

• A sullen langour still the skies oppress,  
 And held th' unwilling ship in strong arrest.  
 High in his chariot glow'd the lamp of day,  
 O'er Ida flaming with meridian ray.  
 Relax'd from toil the sailors range the shore,  
 Where famine, war, and storm, are felt no more :  
 The hour to social pleasure they resign,  
 And black remembrance drown in generous wine.  
 On deck, beneath the shading canvas spread,  
 Rodmond a rueful tale of wonders read,  
 Of dragons roaring on the enchanted coast,  
 The hideous goblin, and the yelling ghost ;  
 But with Arion, from the sultry heat  
 Of noon, Palemon, sought a cool retreat.

And lo ! the shore with mournful prospects crown'd ;\*  
 The rampart torn with many a fatal wound ;  
 The ruin'd bulwark tottering o'er the strand ;  
 Bewail the stroke of War's tremendous hand.  
 What scenes of woe this hapless isle o'erspread !  
 Where late thrice fifty thousand warriors bled.  
 Full twice twelve summers were yon tow'rs assail'd,  
 'Till barbarous Ottoman at last prevail'd ;  
 While thundering mines the lovely plains o'erturn'd,  
 While heroes fell, and domes and temples burn'd.

But now before them happier scenes arise !  
 Elysian vales salute their ravish'd eyes :

\* The intelligent reader will readily discover, that these remarks allude to the ever-memorable siege of Candia, which was taken from the Venetians by the Turks in 1669; being then considered as impregnable, and esteemed the most formidable fortress in the universe.

Olive and cedar form'd a grateful shade,  
 Where light with gay romantic error stray'd :  
 The myrtles here with fond caresses twine ;  
 There, rich with nectar, melts the pregnant vine :  
 And lo ! the stream, renown'd in classic song,  
 Sad Lethe, glides the silent vale along.  
 On mossy banks, beneath the citron grove,  
 The youthful wanderers found a wild alcove :  
 Soft o'er the fairy region languor stole,  
 And with sweet melancholy charm'd the soul.  
 Here first Palemon, while his pensive mind  
 For consolation on his friend reclin'd,  
 In pity's bleeding bosom pour'd the stream  
 Of love's soft anguish, and of grief supreme :  
 Too true thy words ! by sweet remembrance taught,  
 My heart in secret bleeds with tender thought :  
 In vain it courts the solitary shade,  
 By every action, every look betray'd !  
 The pride of generous woe disdains appeal  
 To hearts that unrelenting frosts congeal :  
 Let sure, if right Palemon can divine,  
 The sense of gentle pity dwells in thine.  
 Yes ! all his cares thy sympathy shall know,  
 And prove the kind companion of his woe.  
 Albert thou know'st with skill and science grac'd,  
 In humble station tho' by fortune plac'd ;  
 Yet, never seaman more serenely brave  
 Led Britain's conquering squadrons o'er the wave.  
 Where full in view Augusta's spires are seen,  
 With flowry lawns, and waving woods between,  
 A peaceful dwelling stands in modest pride,  
 Where Thames, slow-winding, rolls his ample tide.  
 There live the hope and pleasure of his life,  
 A pious daughter, with a faithful wife.  
 For his return, with fond officious care,  
 Till every grateful object these prepare ;  
 Whatever can allure the smell or sight,  
 Or wake the drooping spirits to delight.  
 This blooming maid in virtue's path to guide,  
 Her anxious parents all their cares apply'd :

Her spotless soul, where soft compassion reign'd,  
No vice untun'd, no sickening folly stain'd.  
Not fairer grows the lily of the vale,  
Whose bosom opens to the vernal gale:  
Her eyes, unconscious of their fatal charms,  
Thrill'd every heart with exquisite alarms:  
Her face, in beauty's sweet attraction drest,  
The smile of maiden-innocence express'd;  
While health, that rises with the new-born day,  
Breath'd o'er her cheek the softest blush of May.  
Still in her look complacence smil'd serene;  
She moved the charmer of the rural scene.

'Twas at that season when the fields resume  
Their loveliest hues, array'd in vernal bloom;  
Yon' ship, rich-freighted from the Italian shore,  
To Thames' fair banks her costly tribute bore:  
While thus my father saw his ample hoard,  
From this return, with recent treasures stor'd;  
Me, with affairs of commerce charg'd, he sent  
'To Albert's humble mansion; soon I went,  
Too soon, alas! unconscious of th' event:  
There, struck with sweet surprise and silent awe,  
The gentle mistress of my hopes I saw:  
There, wounded first by love's resistless arms,  
My glowing bosom throb'd with strange alarms.  
My ever charming Anna: who alone  
Can all the frowns of cruel fate atone.  
Oh! while all-conscious memory holds her power,  
Can I forget that sweetly-painful hour,  
When from those eyes, with lovely lightning fraught  
My fluttering spirits first the infection caught;  
When, as I gaz'd, my faltering tongue betray'd  
The heart's quick tumults, or refus'd its aid;  
While the dim light my ravish'd eyes forsook,  
And every limb unstrung with terror shook!  
With all her powers dissenting reason strove  
To tame at first the kindling flame of love;  
She strove in vain! subdu'd by charms divine,  
My soul a victim fell at beauty's shrine,

from the din of bustling life I stray'd,  
 happier scenes, to see my lovely maid.  
 I oft' where Thames his wandering current leads,  
 rovd at evening-hour thro' flowery meads.  
 ere, while my heart's soft anguish I reveal'd,  
 her with tender sighs my hope appeal'd.  
 While the sweet nymph my faithful tale believ'd,  
 her snowy breast with secret tumult heav'd :  
 I, train'd in rural scenes from earliest youth,  
 nature was her's, and innocence and truth.  
 I never knew the city damsel's art,  
 whose frothy pertness charms the vacant heart !  
 My suit prevail'd ; for love inform'd my tongue,  
 and on his votary's lips persuasion hung.  
 My eyes with conscious sympathy withdrew,  
 and o'er her cheek the rosy current flew.  
 Oh happy hours ! where, with no dark allay,  
 life's fairest sunshine gilds the vernal day !  
 Here the sigh, that soft affection heaves,  
 from stings of sharper woe the soul relieves.  
 These scenes, too happy long to last !  
 So soon a storm the smiling dawn o'ercaст !  
 So soon some demon to my father bore  
 the tidings that his heart with anguish tore.  
 My pride to kindle, with dissuasive voice,  
 while he labour'd to degrade my choice ;  
 Then, in the whirling wave of pleasure, sought  
 on its lov'd object to divert my thought.  
 With equal hope he might attempt to bind,  
 in chains of adamant, the lawless wind :  
 My love had aim'd the fatal shaft too sure ;  
 He fed the wound, and absence knew no cure.  
 With alienated look, each art he saw  
 still I assid by superior Nature's law.  
 My anxious mind on various schemes revolv'd ;  
 At last on cruel exile he resolv'd.  
 The rigorous doom was fix'd ! alas ! how vain  
 to him of tender anguish to complain !  
 His soul, that never love's sweet influence felt,  
 social sympathy could never melt,

With stern command to Albert's charge he gave,  
To waft Palemon o'er the distant wave.

The ship was laden, and prepar'd to sail,  
And only waited now the leading gale.  
'Twas ours, in that sad period, first to prove  
The heart-felt torments of despairing love :  
Th' impatient wish that never feels repose ;  
Desire that with perpetual current flows ;  
The fluctuating pangs of hope and fear ;  
Joys distant still, and sorrow ever near ;  
Thus, while the pangs of thought severer grew,  
The western breezes inauspicious blew,  
Hastening the moment of our last adieu.  
The vessel parted on the falling tide ;  
Yet time one sacred hour to love supply'd.  
The night was silent, and, advancing fast,  
The moon o'er Thames her silver mantle cast.  
Impatient hope the midnight path explor'd,  
And led me to the nymph my soul ador'd.  
Soon her quick footsteps struck my list'ning ear ;  
She came confest ! the lovely maid drew near !  
But ah ! what force of language can impart  
Th' impetuous joy that glow'd in either heart !  
O ! ye, whose melting hearts are form'd to prove  
The trembling ecstasies of genuine love !  
When, with delicious agony, the thought  
Is to the verge of high delirium wrought ;  
Your secret sympathy alone can tell  
What raptures then the throbbing bosom swell :  
O'er all the nerves what tender tumults roll,  
While love with sweet enchantment melts the soul !

In transport lost, by trembling hope impress'd,  
The blushing virgin sunk upon my breast ;  
While her's congenial beat with fond alarms ;  
Dissolving softness ! paradise of charms !  
Flash'd from our eyes, in warm transfusion flew  
Our blending spirits, that each other drew !  
O bliss supreme ! where virtue's self can melt  
With joys that guilty pleasure never felt !

and to refine the thought with chaste desire,  
 and kindle sweet affection's purest fire !  
 Alas ! wherefore should my hopeless love, she cries,  
 while sorrow burnt with interrupting sighs,  
 or ever destin'd to lament in vain,  
 such flattering fond ideas entertain ?  
 My heart thro' scenes of fair illusion stray'd  
 joys decreed for some superior maid ;  
 'Tis mine to feel the sharpest stings of grief,  
 where never gentle hope afford relief.  
 O then, dear youth ! thy father's rage atone ;  
 and let this tortur'd bosom beat alone !  
 The hovering anger yet thou may'st appease :  
 O then, dear youth ! nor tempt the faithless seas !  
 And out some happier daughter of the town,  
 With fortune's fairer joys thy love to crown ;  
 Where, smiling o'er thee with indulgent ray,  
 Prosperity shall hail each new-born day.  
 Too well thou know'st good Albert's niggard fate,  
 I fitted to sustain thy father's hate :  
 O then, I charge thee, by thy generous love,  
 That fatal to my father thus may prove !  
 On me alone let dark affliction fall !  
 Whose heart for thee will gladly suffer all.  
 Then haste thee hence, Palemon, e'er too late,  
 For rashly hope to brave opposing fate !  
 She ceas'd ; while anguish in her angel-face  
 O'er all her beauties show'd celestial grace.  
 Not Helen, in her bridal charms array'd,  
 Was half so lovely as this gentle maid.  
 O soul of all my wishes ! I reply'd,  
 Can that soft fabric stem affliction's tide !  
 Canst thou, fair emblem of exalted truth !  
 To sorrow doom the summer of thy youth ;  
 And I, perfidious ! all that sweetness see  
 Consign'd to lasting misery for me ?  
 Sooner this moment may th' eternal doom  
 Palemon in the silent earth entomb !  
 Attest, thou moon, fair regent of the night !  
 Whose lustre sickens at this mournful sight ;

By all the pangs divided lovers feel,  
That sweet possession only knows to heal !  
By all the horrors brooding o'er the deep !  
Where fate and ruin sad dominion keep ;  
Tho' tyrant-duty o'er me threat'ning stands,  
And claims obedience to her stern commands ;  
Should fortune cruel or auspicious prove,  
Her smile or frown shall never change my love !  
My heart, that now must every joy resign,  
Incapable of change, is only thine !  
O cease to weep ! this storm will yet decay,  
And these sad clouds of sorrow melt away.  
While thro' the rugged path of life we go,  
All mortals taste the bitter draught of woe ;  
The fam'd and great, decreed to equal pain,  
Full oft' in splendid wretchedness complain.  
For this prosperity, with brighter ray,  
In smiling contrast gilds our vital day.  
Thou too, sweet maid ! e'er twice ten months are  
o'er

Shalt hail Palemon to his native shore,  
Where never interest shall divide us more.

Her struggling soul, o'erwhelm'd with tender grief,  
Now found an interval of short relief ;  
So melts the surface of the frozen stream,  
Beneath the wintry sun's departing beam.  
With warning haste the shades of night withdrew,  
And gave the signal of a sad adieu.  
As on my neck th' afflicted maiden hung,  
A thousand racking doubts her spirits wrung.  
She wept the terrors of the fearful wave,  
Too oft, alas ! the wandering lover's grave !  
With soft persuasion I dispell'd her fear,  
And from her cheek beguil'd the falling tear.  
While dying fondness languish'd in her eyes,  
She pour'd her soul to heaven in suppliant sighs :  
Look down with pity, oh ! ye powers above,  
Who hear the sad complaints of bleeding love !  
Ye, who the secret laws of fate explore,  
Alone can tell if he returns no more :



r if the hour of future joy remain,  
Long-wish'd atonement of long-suffer'd pain !  
And every guardian minister attend,  
And from all ill the much-lov'd youth defend !  
With grief o'erwhelm'd we parted twice in vain,  
And, urg'd by strong attraction, met again.  
At last, by cruel fortune torn apart,  
While tender passion stream'd in either heart ;  
Our eyes, transfix'd with agonizing look,  
One sad farewell, one last embrace we took.  
Forlorn of hope the lovely maid I left,  
Senseless and pale, of every joy bereft.  
She to her silent couch retir'd to weep,  
While her sad swain embark'd upon the deep.  
His tale thus clos'd, from sympathy of grief,  
Salamon's bosom felt a sweet relief.  
The hapless bird, thus ravish'd from the skies,  
Where all forlorn his lov'd companion flies,  
In secret long bewails his cruel fate,  
With fond remembrance of his winged mate :  
Still, grown familiar with a foreign train,  
Composed at length, his sadly-warbling strain  
In sweet oblivion charms the sense of pain.  
Ye tender maids, in whose pathetic souls  
Compassion's sacred stream impetuous rolls ;  
Whose warm affections exquisitely feel  
The secret wound you tremble to reveal ;  
Oh ! may no wanderer of the faithless main  
Pour through your breast the soft delicious bane !  
May never fatal tenderness approve  
The fond effusions of their ardent love.  
! warn'd by friendship's counsel, learn to shun  
The fatal path where thousands are undone !  
Now as the youths, returning o'er the plain,  
Approach'd the lonely margin of the main,  
First, with attention rous'd, Arion ey'd  
The graceful lover, form'd in Nature's pride.  
His frame the happiest symmetry display'd ;  
And locks of waving gold his neck array'd ;

In every look the Paphian graces shine,  
Soft-breathing o'er his cheek their bloom divine.  
With lighten'd heart he smil'd serenely gay,  
Like young Adonis or the son of May.

Not Cytherea from a fairer swain  
Receiv'd her apple on the Trojan plain !

The sun's bright orb declining, all serene,  
Now glane'd obliquely o'er the woodland scene,  
Creation smiles around, on every spray  
The warbling birds exalt their evening lay.  
Blithe skipping o'er yon' hill, the fleecy train  
Join the deep chorus of the lowing plain :  
The golden lime and orange there were seen,  
On fragrant branches of perpetual green.  
The crystal streams, that velvet meadows lave,  
To the green ocean roll with chiding wave.  
The glassy ocean hush'd forgets to roar,  
But trembling murmurs on the sandy shore :  
And lo ! his surface lovely to behold,  
Glow's in the west, a sea of living gold !  
While, all above, a thousand liveries gay  
The skies with pomp ineffable array.  
Arabian sweets perfume the happy plains :  
Above, beneath, around enchantment reigns !  
While yet the shades, on Time's eternal scale,  
With long vibration deepen o'er the vale ;  
While yet the songsters of the vocal grove  
With dying numbers tune the soul to love ;  
With joyful eyes the attentive master sees  
Th' auspicious omens of the eastern breeze.  
Now radiant Hesper leads the starry train,  
And night slow draws her veil o'er land and main.  
Round the charg'd bowl the sailors form a ring,  
By turns recount the wond'rous tale, or sing,  
As love or battle, hardships of the main,  
Or genial wine, awake their homely strain ;  
Then some the watch of night alternate keep,  
The rest lie buried in-oblivious sleep.

Deep midnight now involves the livid skies,  
While infant breezes from the shore arise.

the waning moon, behind a watery shroud,  
 the glimmer'd o'er the long-protracted cloud.  
 A mighty ring around her silver throne,  
 with parting meteors cross'd, portentous shone.  
 This in the troubled sky full oft' prevails;  
 It's deem'd a signal of tempestuous gales.  
 While young Arion sleeps, before his sight  
 multuous swim the visions of the night.  
 Now blooming Anna, with her happy swain,  
 approach'd the sacred Hymenal fane:  
 When tremendous lightnings flash between,  
 and funeral pomp and weeping Loves are seen:  
 Now with Palemon up a rocky steep,  
 whose summit trembles o'er the roaring deep,  
 with painful step he climb'd; while far above  
 sweet Anna charm'd them with the voice of love.  
 When sudden from the slippery height they fell,  
 while dreadful yawn'd beneath the jaws of hell.  
 Amid this fearful trance, a thund'ring sound  
 he hears—and thrice the hollow decks rebound.  
 Starting from his couch, on deck he sprung;  
 thrice with shrill note the boatswain's whistle rung.  
 "Hands unmoor!" proclaims a boisterous cry:  
 "Hands unmoor!" the cavern'd rocks reply!  
 Rous'd from repose, aloft the sailors swarm,  
 and with their levers soon the windlass arm.\*  
 The order given, up-springing with a bound,  
 they lodge the bars, and wheel the engine round:  
 Every turn the clanging paul resound.  
 Torn reluctant from his oozy cave,  
 the ponderous anchor rises o'er the wave.  
 Along their slippery masts their yards ascend,  
 and high in air the canvas wings extend:  
 Doubling cords the lofty canvas guide,  
 and thro' inextricable mazes glide.  
 The lunar rays with long reflection gleam,  
 to light the vessel o'er the silver stream:

The windlass is a sort of large roller, used to wind in the cable, or  
 to haul up the anchor. It is turned about vertically by a number of long  
 levers; in which operation it is prevented from recoiling by the  
 3.

Along the glassy plane serene she glides,  
 While azure radiance trembles on her sides.  
 From east to north the transient breezes play,  
 And in th' Egyptian quarter soon decay.  
 A calm ensues; they dread th' adjacent shore;  
 The boats with rowers arm'd are sent before:  
 With cordage fasten'd to the lofty prow,  
 Aloof to sea the stately ship they tow.\*  
 The nervous crew their sweeping oars extend,  
 And pealing shouts the shore of Candia rend.  
 Success attends their skill; the danger's o'er,  
 The port is doubled, and beheld no more.

Now morn, her lamp pale-glimmering on the sight,  
 Scatter'd before her van reluctant Night.  
 She comes not in refulgent pomp array'd,  
 But sternly frowning, wrapt in fullen shade.  
 Above incumbent vapours, Ida's height,  
 Tremendous rock! emerges on the sight.  
 North-cast the guardian isle of Standia lies,  
 And westward Frischin's woody capes arise.

With winning postures, now the wanton sails  
 Spread all their snares to charm th' inconstant gales;  
 The swelling stud-sails † now their wings extend,  
 Then stay-sails sidelong to the breeze ascend:  
 While all to court the wandering breeze are plac'd;  
 With yards now thwarting, now obliquely brac'd.

The dim horizon lowering vapours shroud,  
 And blot the sun, yet struggling in the cloud:  
 Thro' the wide-atmos'phere condens'd with haze,  
 His glaring orb emits a sanguine blaze.  
 The pilots now their rules of art apply,  
 The mystic needle's devious aim to try.

\* Towing is the operation of drawing a ship forwards, by means of ropes, extending from her fore part, to one or more of the boats rowing before her.

† Studding-sails are long, narrow sails, which are only used in fine weather and fair winds, on the outside of the larger square sails. Stay-sails are three-cornered sails, which are hoisted up on the stays, when the wind crosses the ship's course either directly or obliquely.

The compass plac'd to catch the rising ray,\*  
 The quadrant's shadow studious they survey;  
 Along the arch the gradual index slides,  
 While Phœbus down the vertic circle glides.  
 Now, seen on ocean's utmost verge to swim,  
 He sweeps it vibrant with his nether limb.  
 Their sage experience thus explores the height  
 And polar distance of the source of light:  
 Then thro' the chiliads triple maze, they trace  
 Th' analogy that proves the magnet's place.  
 The wayward steel, to truth thus reconcil'd,  
 No more th' attentive pilot's eye beguil'd.

The natives, while the ship departs the land;  
 Ashore with admiration gazing stand.  
 Majestically slow, before the breeze,  
 In silent pomp she marches on the seas.  
 Her milk-white bottom cast a softer gleam,  
 While trembling thro' the green translucent stream.  
 The wales, that close above in contrast shone,†  
 Clasp the long fabric with a jetty zone.  
 Britannia, riding awful on the prow,  
 Gaz'd o'er the vassal-wave that roll'd below:  
 Where'er she mov'd, the vassal-waves were seen  
 To yield obsequious, and confess their queen.  
 Th' imperial trident grac'd her dexter hand,  
 Of power to rule the surge, like Moses' wand,  
 Th' eternal empire of the main to keep,  
 And guide her squadrons o'er the trembling deep.  
 Her left propitious bore a mystic shield,  
 Around whose margin rolls the wat'ry field.  
 There her bold Genius, in his floating car,  
 O'er the wild billows hurls the storm of war;  
 And lo! the beasts, that oft' with jealous rage  
 In bloody combat met, from age to age,

\* The operation of taking the sun's azimuth, in order to discover the eastern or western variation of the magnetical needle.

† The wales, here alluded to, are an assemblage of strong planks which enclose the lower part of the ship's side, wherein they are broader and thicker than the rest, and appear somewhat like a range of hoops, which separates the bottom from the upper works.

Fam'd into Union, yok'd in friendship's chain,  
Draw his proud chariot round the vanquish'd main,  
From the broad margin to the centre grew  
Shelves, rocks, and whirlpools, hideous to the view !  
Th' immortal shield from Neptune she receiv'd,  
When first her head above the waters heav'd.  
Loose floated o'er her limbs an azure vest ;  
A figur'd scutchcon glitter'd on her breast :  
There, from one parent-soil, for ever young,  
The blooming rose and hardy thistle sprung.  
Around her head an oaken wreath was seen,  
Inwove with laurels of unfading green.  
Such was the sculptur'd prow—from van to rear,  
Th' artillery frown'd, a black tremendous tier !  
Embalm'd with orient gum, above the wave,  
The swelling sides a yellow radiance gave.  
On the broad stern a pencil warm and bold,  
That never servile rules of art controul'd,  
An allegoric tale on high portray'd ;  
There a young hero ; here a royal maid.  
Fair England's Genius, in the youth express'd,  
Her ancient foe, but now her friend, confess'd,  
The warlike nymph with fond regard survey'd ;  
No more his hostile frown her heart dismay'd.  
His look, that once shot terror from afar,  
Like young Alcides, or the god of war,  
Serene as summer's evening skies she saw ;  
Serene, yet firm ; tho' mild, impressing awe.  
Her nervous arm, inur'd to toils severe,  
Brandish'd th' unconquer'd Caledonian spear.  
The dreadful falchion of the hills she wore,  
Sung to the harp in many a tale of yore,  
That oft her rivers dy'd with hostile gore.  
Blue was her rocky shield ; her piercing eye  
Flash'd like the meteors of her native sky.  
Her crest, high-plum'd, was rough with many a scar,  
And o'er her helmet gleam'd the northern star.  
The warrior youth appear'd of noble frame ;  
The hardy offspring of some Runic dame.

Loose o'er his shoulders hung the slacken'd bow,  
Renown'd in song, the terror of the foe !  
The sword, that oft' the barbarous North defy'd,  
The scourge of tyrants ! glitter'd by his side.  
Clad in refulgent arms, in battle won,  
The George emblazon'd on his corselet shone.  
Fast by his side was seen a golden lyre,  
Pregnant with numbers of eternal fire ;  
Whose strings unlock the witches' midnight spell,  
Or waft rapt fancy through the gulphs of hell :  
Struck with contagion, kindling Fancy hears  
The songs of heaven ! the music of the spheres !  
Borne on Newtonian wing, thro' air she flies,  
Where other suns to other systems rise !  
These front the scene conspicuous ; over head  
Albion's proud oak his filial branches spread ;  
While on the sea-beat shore obsequious stood,  
Beneath their feet, the father of the flood.  
Here, the bold native of her cliffs above,  
Perch'd by the martial maid the bird of Jove ;  
There on the watch, sagacious of his prey,  
With eyes of fire, an English mastiff lay.  
Wonder fair Commerce stretch'd her winged sail ;  
Here frown'd the god that wakes the living gale :  
High o'er the poop, the flattering winds unfurl'd  
Th' imperial flag that rules the wat'ry world.  
Deep-blushing armours all the tops invest,  
And warlike trophies either quarter dress'd :  
Then tower'd the masts ; the canvas swell'd on high ;  
And waving streamers floated in the sky.  
Thus the rich vessel moves in trim array,  
Like some fair virgin on her bridal day.  
Thus like a swan she cleaves the wat'ry plain ;  
The pride and wonder of the Ægean main !

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# THE SHIPWRECK.

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## CANTO II.

### The Argument.

REFLECTION on leaving the Land. The Gale continues. A Whirlwind spout. Beauty of a dying Dolphin. The Ship's Progress along the Shore. The Wind strengthens. The Sails reduced. A Shoal of Porpoises. Last appearance of Cape Spado. Sea arises. A squall. The Sails further diminished. Mainsail split. Ship bears away before the Wind. Again hauled upon the wind. Another Mainsail fitted to the Yard. The Gale still increases. Topsails furled. Top gallant Yards sent down. Sea enlarges. Sun set. Courses reefed. Four seamen lost off the lee Main-yard-arm. Anxiety of the Pilots from their dangerous Situation. Resolute Behaviour of the Sailors. The Ship labours in great Distress. The Artillery thrown overboard. Dismal Appearance of the weather. Very high and dangerous Sea. Severe Fatigue of the Crew. Consultation and Resolution of the Officers. Speech and Advice of Albert to the Crew. Necessary Disposition to veer before the wind. Disappointment in the proposed Effort. New Dispositions equally unsuccessful. The Mizzen-mast cut away.

A DIEU, ye pleasures of the rural scene,  
Where peace and calm contentment dwell serene  
To me in vain, on earth's prolific soil,  
With summer crown'd, the Elysian vallies smile !  
To me those happier scenes no joy impart,  
But tantalize with hope my aching heart.  
For these, alas ! reluctant I forego,  
'To visit storms and elements of woe !  
Ye tempests o'er my head congenial roll,  
'To suit the mournful music of my soul !  
In black progression, lo ! they hover near ;  
Hail social horrors, like my fate severe !  
Old ocean hail, beneath whose azure zone  
The secret deep lies unexplor'd, unknown.  
Approach, ye brave companions of the sea,  
And fearless view this awful scene with me ;  
Ye native guardians of your country's laws !  
Ye bold assertors of her sacred cause !  
The Muse invites you ; judge if she depart,  
Unequal, from the precepts of your art.



practice train'd, and conscious of her power,  
 er steps intrepid meet the trying hour.  
 O'er the smooth bosom of the faithless tides,  
 opell'd by gentle gales, the vessel glides.  
 edmond exulting felt th' auspicious wind,  
 nd by a mystic charm its aim confin'd.  
 ne thoughts of home, that o'er his fancy roll,  
 ith trembling joy dilate Palemon's soul:  
 pe lifts his heart, before whose vivid ray  
 ffress recedes, and danger melts away.  
 lready Britain's parent-cliffs arise,  
 nd in idea greet his longing eyes  
 ach amorous sailor too, with heart elate,  
 wells on the beauties of his gentle mate.  
 en they th' impressivè dart of love can feel,  
 hose stubborn souls are sheath'd in triple steel.  
 or less o'erjoy'd, perhaps, with equal truth,  
 ach faithful maid expects th' approaching youth;  
 nd distant bosoms equal ardours glow,  
 nd mutual passions mutual joy bestow.  
 all Ida's summit now more distant grew,  
 nd Jove's high hill was rising on the view,  
 hen from the left approaching, they descry  
 -liquid column towering shoot on high.  
 he foaming base an angry whirlwind sweeps,  
 Where curling billows rouse the fearful deeps.  
 ill round and round the fluid vortex flies,  
 cattering dun night and horror thro' the skies.  
 he swift volution and th' enormous train  
 et sages vers'd in nature's lore explain!  
 he horrid apparition still draws nigh,  
 And white with foam the whirling surges fly!  
 he guns were prim'd; the vessel northward veers,  
 Till her black battery on the column bears.  
 he nitre fir'd; and while the dreadful sound,  
 Convulsive, shook the slumbering air around,  
 he wat'ry volume, trembling to the sky,  
 Burst down a dreadful deluge from on high!  
 Th' affrighted surge, recoiling as it fell,  
 Rolling in hills disclos'd th' abyss of hell.

But soon, this transient undulation o'er,  
 The sea subsides; the whirlwinds rage no more.  
 While southward now th' increasing breezes veer,  
 Dark clouds incumbent on their wings appear.  
 In front they view the consecrated grove  
 Of cypress, sacred once to Cretan Jove.  
 The thirsty canvas, all around supply'd,  
 Still drinks unquench'd the full aerial tide.  
 And now, approaching near the lofty stern,  
 A shoal of sportive dolphins they discern.  
 From burnish'd scales they beam refulgent rays,  
 'Till all the glowing ocean seems to blaze.  
 Soon to the sport of death the crew repair,  
 Dart the long lance, or spread the baited snare.  
 One in redoubling mazes wheels along,  
 And glides, unhappy! near the triple prong.  
 Rodmond, unerring o'er his head suspends  
 The barbed steel, and every turn attends;  
 Unerring aim'd, the missile weapon flew,  
 And, plunging, struck the fated victim thro'.  
 Th' upturning points his ponderous bulk sustain;  
 On deck he struggles with convulsive pain.  
 But while his heart the fatal javelin thrills,  
 And flitting life escapes in sanguine rills,  
 What radiant changes strike th' astonish'd sight!  
 What glowing hues of mingled shade and light!  
 Not equal beauties gild the lucid west,  
 With parting beams all o'er profusely drest.  
 Not lovelier colours paint the vernal dawn,  
 When orient dew impearl th' enamel'd lawn,  
 Than from his sides in bright suffusion flow,  
 That now with gold empyreal seem to glow;  
 Now in pellucid sapphires meet the view,  
 And emulate the soft celestial hue;  
 Now beam a flaming crimson on the eye;  
 And now assume the purple's deeper dye.  
 But here description clouds each shining ray;  
 What terms of art can nature's powers display?  
 Now, while on high the fresh'ning gale she feels,  
 The ship beneath her lofty pressure reels.

Th' auxiliar sails, that court a gentle breeze,  
 From their high station sink by slow degrees.  
 The watchful ruler of the helm no more,  
 With fix'd attention, eyes th' adjacent shore,  
 But by the oracle of truth below,  
 The wond'rous magnet, guides the wayward prow.  
 The wind, that still the impressivè canvas swell'd,  
 Swift and more swift the yielding bark impell'd.  
 Impatient thus she glides along the coast,  
 Till far behind the hill of Jove is lost:  
 And, while aloof from Retimo she steers,  
 Malacha's foreland full in front appears.  
 Vide o'er yon isthmus stands the cypress-grove  
 That once enclos'd the hallow'd fanc of Jove.  
 Here too, memorial of his name! is found  
 A tomb, in marble ruins on the ground.  
 This gloomy tyrant, whose triumphant yoke  
 The trembling states around to slavery broke,  
 Thro' Greece, for murder, rape, and incest known,  
 The Muses rais'd to high Olympus' throne.  
 For oft, alas! their venal strains adorn  
 The Prince whom blushing virtue holds in scorn.  
 Still Rome and Greece record his endless fame,  
 And hence yon' mountain yet retains his name.  
 But see! in confluence borne before the blast,  
 Clouds roll'd on clouds the dusky noon o'ercast:  
 The black'ning ocean curls; the winds arise;  
 And the dark scud in swift succession flies.\*  
 While the swollen canvas bends the masts on high,  
 Low in the waves the leeward cannon lie.†  
 The sailors now, to give the ship relief,  
 Reduce the topails by a single reef.‡

\* Scud is a name g'iven by seamen to the lowest clouds, which are driven with great rapidity along the atmosphere, in squally or tempestuous weather.

† When the wind crosses a ship's course, either directly or obliquely, that side of the ship upon which it acts, is called the weather-side; and the opposite one, which is then pressed downwards, is called the lee-side. Hence all the rigging and furniture of the ship are, at this time, distinguished by the side on which they are situated; as the lee cannon, the lee-braces, the weather-braces, &c.

‡ The topails are large square sails of the second degree in height and magnitude. Reefs are certain divisions or spaces by which the principal

Each lofty yard with slacken'd cordage reels,  
 Rattle the creaking blocks, and ringing wheels.  
 Down the tall masts the topsails sink amain;  
 And, soon reduc'd, assume their post again.  
 More distant grew receding Candia's shore;  
 And southward of the west cape Spado bore.

Four hours the sun his high meridian throne  
 Had left, and o'er Atlantic regions shone:  
 Still blacker clouds that all the skies invade,  
 Draw o'er his sullied orb a dismal shade.  
 A squall deep low'ring blots the southern sky,  
 Before whose boisterous breath the waters fly.  
 Its weight the topsails can no more sustain;  
 Reef topsails, reef, the boatswain calls again!  
 The haliards \* and top-bowlines † soon are gone;  
 To clue-lines and reef-tackles ‡ next they run:  
 The shivering sails descend; and now they square  
 The yards, while ready sailors mount in air.  
 The weather-earings and the lee they pass; §  
 The reefs-enroll'd, and ev'ry point made fast,  
 Their task above thus finish'd, they descend,  
 And vigilant th' approaching squall attend,  
 It comes resistless, and with foaming sweep,  
 Upturns the whitening surface of the deep.  
 In such a tempest, borne to deeds of death,  
 The wayward Sisters scour the blasted heath.  
 With ruin pregnant now the clouds impend,  
 And storm and cataract tumultuous blend;

sails are reduced when the wind increases; and again enlarged proportionably when its force abates.

\* Haliards are either single ropes or tackles, by which the sails are hoisted up and lowered when the sail is to be extended or reduced.

† Bow-lines are lines intended to keep the windward edge of the sail steady, and prevent it from shaking in an unfavourable wind.

‡ Clue-lines are ropes used to truss up the clues, or lower corners, of the principal sails to their respective yards, particularly when the sail is to be close reefed or furled.---Reef-tackles are ropes employed to facilitate the operation of reefing, by confining the extremities of the reef close up to the yard, so that the interval becomes slack, and is therefore easily rolled up and fastened to the yard by the points employed for this purpose.

§ Earrings are small cords, by which the upper corners of the principal sails, and also the extremities of the reefs, are fastened to the yard-arms.

Deep on her side the reeling vessel lies—  
 Hail up the mizen quick ! the master cries ; †  
 Hail the clue-garnet ! ‡ let the main-sheet fly ! §  
 The boisterous squall still presses from on high,  
 And swift, and fatal as the lightning's course,  
 Thro' the torn main-sail bursts with thund'ring force,  
 While the rent canvas flutter'd in the wind,  
 Still on her flank the slooping bark inclin'd.  
 Hail up the helm \* a-weather Rodmond cries ;  
 Swift, at the word, the helm a-weather flies.  
 The prow with secret instinct veers apace ;  
 And now the fore-sail right athwart they brace :  
 With equal sheets restrain'd, the bellying sail  
 Spreads a broad concave to the sweeping gale.  
 While o'er the foam the ship impetuous flies,  
 The attentive timoneer † the helm applies.  
 As in pursuit along th' aërial way,  
 With ardent eye, the falcon marks his prey,  
 Each motion watches of the doubtful chace,  
 Obliquely wheeling thro' the liquid space ;  
 So, govern'd by the steersman's glowing hands,  
 The regent helm her motion still commands.  
 But now the transient squall to leeward past,  
 Again she rallies to the fullen blast.  
 The helm to starboard || turns ; with wings inclin'd  
 The sidelong canvas clasps the faithless wind.

† The mizen is a large sail of an oblong figure extended upon the mizen-mast.

‡ Clue-garnets are employed for the same purposes on the main-sail and fore-sail as the clue-lines are upon all other square sails. See note, ‡ page 29.

§ It is necessary in this place to remark, that the sheets, which are universally mistaken by the English poets and their readers for the sails themselves, are no other than the ropes used to extend the clues, or lower corners of the sails to which they are attached. To the main sail and fore-sail there is a sheet and tack on each side ; the latter of which is a thick rope, serving to confine the weather-clue of the sail down to the ship's side, whilst the former draws out the lee-clue or lower corner on the opposite side. Tacks are only used in a side-wind.

\* The helm is said to be a-weather, when the bar by which it is managed is turned to the side of the ship next the wind.

† Timoneer (from timonnier, Fr.) the helmsman, or steersman.

|| The helm, being turned to starboard, or to the right side of the ship, directs the prow to the left, or to port, and vice versa. Hence the helm being put a starboard, when the ship is running northward, directs her prow towards the west,

The mizen draws; she springs aloof once more,  
While the fore stay-sail § balances before.

The foresail brac'd obliquely to the wind,  
They near the prow th' extended tack confin'd :  
Then on the leeward sheet the seamen bend,  
And haul the bowline to the bowsprit end.  
To topsails next they haste; the buntlines gone,  
The cluelines thro' their wheel'd machinery run :  
On either side below the sheets are mann'd ;  
Again the fluttering sails their skirts expand.  
Once more the topsails, tho' with humbler plume,  
Mounting aloft, their ancient post resume.  
Again the bowlines and the yards are brac'd,\*  
And all th' entangled cords in order plac'd.

The sail, by whirlwinds thus so lately rent,  
In tatter'd ruins fluttering is unbent,  
With brails† refix'd another soon prepar'd,  
Ascending, spreads along beneath the yard.  
To each yard-arm the head-rope‡ they extend,  
And soon their earings and the robins|| bend.  
That task perform'd, they first the braces‡ slack,  
Then to its station drag th' unwilling tack ;  
And, while the lee clue-garnet's lower'd away,  
Tort ast the sheet, they tally and belay.\*\*

Now to the north, from Afric's burning shore,  
A troop of porpoises their course explore :

§ This sail, which is with more propriety called the fore topmast stay sail, is a triangular sail, that runs upon the fore topmast stay, over the bowsprit. It is used to command the fore part of the ship, and counterbalance the sails extended towards the stern. See also the last note of this Canto.

\* A yard is said to be braced, when it is turned about the most horizontally, either to the right or left: the ropes employed in this service are accordingly called braces.

† The ropes used to truss up a sail to the yard or mast whereto it is attached, are, in a general sense, called brails.

‡ The head rope is a cord to which the upper part of the sail is sewed.

|| Rope-bands, pronounced robins, are small cords, used to fasten the upper edge of any sail to its respective yard.

‡ Because the lee-brace confines the yard so that the tack will not come down to its place till the braces are cast loose.

\*\* Tort implies stiff, tense, or extended strait: and tally is a phrase particularly applied to the operation of hauling ast the sheets, or drawing them towards the ship's stern. To belay, is to fasten.

in curling wreaths they gambol on the tide,  
now bound aloft, now down the billow glide ;  
their tracks awhile the hoary waves retain,  
that burn in sparkling trails along the main.  
These fleetest couriers of the finny race,  
When threat'ning clouds th' ætherial vault deface,  
Their rout to leeward still sagacious form,  
To shun the fury of th' approaching storm.  
Fair Candia now no more, beneath her lee,  
Protects the vessel from th' insulting sea :  
Round her broad arms, impatient of controul,  
Pouz'd from their secret deeps, the billows roll.  
Sunk were the bulwarks of the friendly shore,  
And all the scene an hostile aspect wore.  
The flattering wind, that late with promis'd aid,  
From Candia's bay th' unwilling ship betray'd,  
No longer fawns beneath the fair disguise,  
But like a ruffian on his quarry flies.  
Lost on the tide, she feels the tempest blow,  
And dreads the vengeance of so fell a foe.  
As the proud horse, with costly trappings gay,  
Exulting prances to the bloody fray ;  
Tumultuous the ground, he glories in his might,  
But reels tumultuous in the shock of fight ;  
When so, caparison'd in gaudy pride,  
The bounding vessel dances on the tide.  
More and more fierce the southern demon blew,  
And more incens'd the roaring waters grew.  
The ship no longer can her topsails spread,  
And every hope of fairer skies is fled.  
Bowlines and haliards are relax'd again ;  
Tewlines haul'd down, and sheets let fly amain ;  
Flu'd up each top-sail, and by braces squar'd ;  
The seaman climb aloft on either yard.  
They furl the sail, and pointed to the wind  
The yard, by rolling tackles \* then confin'd.

\* The rolling tackle is an assemblage of pullins, used to confine the yard to the weather-side of the mast, and prevent the former from rubbing against the latter by the fluctuating motion of the ship in a turbulent sea.



While o'er the ship the gallant boatswain flies,  
 Like a hoarse mastiff, thro' the storm he cries :  
 Prompt to direct the unskilful still appears ;  
 Th' expert he praises, and the fearful cheers.  
 Now some to strike top-gallant yards † attend ;  
 Some travellers ‡ up the weather backstays ‡ send ;  
 At each mast-head the top-ropes § others band.  
 The youngest sailors from the yards above  
 Their parrels, || lifts, ¶ and braces soon remove ;  
 Then topt an-end, and to the travellers tied,  
 Charg'd with their sails, they down the back-stays slide.  
 The yards secure along the booms \*\* reclin'd ;  
 While some the flying cords aloft confin'd.  
 Their sails reduc'd, and all the rigging clear,  
 Awhile the crew relax from toils severe,  
 Awhile their spirits, with fatigue oppress'd,  
 In vain expect th' alternate hour of rest :  
 But with redoubling force the tempests blow,  
 And watery hills in fell succession flow.  
 A dismal shade o'ercasts the frowning skies ;  
 New troubles grow ; new difficulties rise.  
 No season this from duty to descend !  
 All hands on deck, th' eventful hour attend.

His race perform'd, the sacred lamp of day  
 Now dipt in western clouds his parting ray.

\* It is usual to send down the top-gallant yards on the approach of a storm. They are the highest yards that are rigged in a ship.

† Travellers are slender iron rings, encircling the back-stays, and used to facilitate the hoisting or lowering of the top gallant yards, by confining them to the back-stays, in their ascent or descent, so as to prevent them from swinging about, by the agitation of the vessel.

‡ Back-stays are long ropes, extending from the right and left side of the ship to the topmast-heads, which they are intended to secure, by counteracting the efforts of the wind upon the sails.

§ Top ropes are the cords by which the top-gallant yards are hoisted up from the deck, or lowered again in stormy weather.

|| The parrel, which is usually a moveable band of a rope, is employed to confine the yard to its respective mast.

¶ Lifts are ropes extending from the head of any mast to the extremities of its particular yard, to support the weight of the latter ; to retain it in balance ; or to raise one yard-arm higher than the other, which is accordingly called topping.

\*\* The booms in this place imply any masts or yards lying on the deck in reserve, to supply the place of others which may be carried away by distress of weather, &c.



## THE SHIPWRECK.

His sick'ning fires, half-lost in ambient haze,  
 Refract along the dusk a crimson blaze;  
 Till deep immerg'd the languid orb declines,  
 And now to cheerless night the sky resigns!  
 Sad evening's hour, how different from the past!  
 No flaming pomp, no blushing glories cast.  
 No ray of friendly light is seen around:  
 The moon and stars in hopeless shade are drown'd.

The ship no longer can her courses\* bear;  
 To reef the courses is the master's care:  
 The sailors summon'd aft, a daring band!  
 Attend th' unfolding brails at his command.  
 But here the doubtful officers dispute,  
 Till skill and judgment prejudice confute.  
 Rodmond, whose genius never soar'd beyond  
 The narrow rules of art his youth had conn'd,  
 Still to the hostile fury of the wind  
 Releas'd the sheet, and kept the tack confin'd;  
 To long-tried practice obstinately warm.  
 He doubts conviction, and relies on form;  
 But the sage master this advice declines;  
 With whom Arion in opinion joins.  
 The watchful seaman, whose sagacious eye  
 On sure experience may with truth rely,  
 Who from the reigning cause foretels th' effect,  
 This barbarous practice ever will reject.  
 For, fluttering loose in air, the rigid sail  
 Soon flits to ruins in the furious gale;  
 And he who strives the tempest to disarm,  
 Will never fast embrace the lee yard-arm.  
 The master said; obedient to command,  
 To raise the tack the ready sailors stand.†  
 Gradual it loosens, while th' involving clue,  
 Swell'd by the wind, aloft unrustling flew.

\* The courses are generally understood to be the mainsail, foresail, and mizen, which are the largest and lowest sails on their several masts: the term is however sometimes taken in a larger sense.

† It has been remarked before, in note §, p. 31, that the tack is always fastened to windward: accordingly as soon as it is cast loose, and the clue-garnet hauled up, the weather end of the sail immediately mounts to the yard; and this operation must be carefully performed in a storm, to prevent the sail from splitting, or being torn to pieces by tearing.

The sheet and weather-brace they now stand by ,\*  
 The lee clue-garnet and the burnt-lines ply.  
 Thus all prepar'd, Let go the sheet, he cries ;  
 Impetuous round the ringing wheels it flies :  
 Shivering at first, till, by the blast impell'd,  
 High o'er the lee yard-arm the canvas swell'd ;  
 By spilling-lines † embrac'd, with brails confin'd,  
 It lies at length unshaken by the wind.  
 The foresail then secur'd, with equal care  
 Again to reef the mainsail they repair.  
 While some high mounted over-haul the tye,  
 Below the down-haul-tackle ‡ others ply.  
 Jears, § lifts, and brails, a seaman each attends ;  
 Along the mast the willing yard descends.  
 When lower'd sufficient they securely brace,  
 And fix the rolling-tackle in its place.  
 The reef-lines || and their earings now prepar'd,  
 Mounting on pliant shrouds, ¶ they man the yard.  
 Far on th' extremes two able hands appear,  
 Arion there, the hardy boatswain here ;  
 That in the van to front the tempest hung ;  
 This round the lee yard-arm, ill-omen'd ! clung :

\* It is necessary to pull in the weather-brace whenever the sheet is cast off, to preserve the sail from shaking violently.

† The spilling lines, which are only used on particular occasions in tempestuous weather, are employed to draw together and confine the belly of the sail, when it is inflated by the wind over the yard.

‡ The violence of the wind forces the yard so much outward from the mast on these occasions, that it cannot be easily lowered so as to reef the sail, without the application of a tackle to haul it down on the mast. This is afterwards converted into rolling-tackle. See note p. 33.

§ Jears are the same to the mainsail, foresail, and mizen, as the halliards (note \*, p. 30.) are to all the inferior sails. The tye is the upper part of the jears.

|| Reef-lines are only used to reef the mainsail and foresail. They are passed in spiral turns through the eye-let holes of the reef, and over the head of the sails between the rope-band legs, till they reach the extremities of the reef, to which they are firmly extended, so as to lace the reef close up to the yard.

¶ Shrouds are thick ropes, stretching from the mast-heads downward to the outside of the ship, serving to support the masts. They are also used as a range of rope-ladders by which the seamen ascend or descend to perform whatever is necessary about the sails and rigging.

Each earing to his station first they bend ;  
 The reef-band \* then along the yard extend :  
 The circling earings, round th' extremes entwain'd,  
 By outer and by inner turns † they bind.  
 From hand to hand the reef-lines next receiv'd,  
 Thro' eye-let holes and robin-legs were reev'd.  
 The reef in double folds involv'd they lay ;  
 strain the firm cord, and either end belay.

Hadst thou, Arion ! held the leeward post,  
 While on the yard by mountain billows tost,  
 Perhaps oblivion o'er our tragic tale  
 Had then for ever drawn her dusky veil ;  
 But ruling heaven prolong'd thy vital date,  
 Everer ills to suffer and relate !

For while their orders those aloft attend,  
 To furl the mainsail, or on deck descend,  
 A sea, ‡ up-furging with tremendous roll,  
 To instant ruin seems to doom the whole.  
 O friends, secure your hold ! Arion cries ;  
 It comes all dreadful, stooping from the skies !  
 Uplifted on its horrid edge, she feels  
 The shock, and on her side half-bury'd reels :  
 The sail half-bury'd in the whelming wave,  
 A fearful warning to the seamen gave :  
 While from its margin, terrible to tell !  
 Three sailors with their gallant boatswain fell.  
 Torn with resistless fury from their hold,  
 In vain their struggling arms the yard enfold &  
 In vain to grapple flying cords they try ;  
 The cords, alas ! a solid gripe deny !  
 Prone on the midnight surge, with panting breath  
 They cry for aid, and long contend with death.

\* The reef-band is a long piece of canvas sewed across the sail, to strengthen the canvas in the place where the eye-let holes of the reef are to meet.

† The outer turns of the earing serve to extend the sail along the yard ; and the inner turns are employed to confine its head-rope close to its surface. See note †, p. 32.

‡ A sea is the general name given by sailors to a single wave or billow : hence when a wave bursts over the deck, the vessel is said to have shipped a sea.

High o'er their heads the rolling billows sweep,  
 And down they sink in everlasting sleep.  
 Bereft of power to help, their comrades see  
 The wretched victims die beneath the lee;  
 With fruitless sorrow their lost state bemoan;  
 Perhaps a fatal prelude to their own!

In dark suspense on deck the pilots stand,  
 Nor can determine on the next command.  
 Tho' still they knew the vessel's armed side  
 Impenetrable to the clasping tide;  
 Tho' still the waters, by no secret wound,  
 A passage to her deep recesses found;  
 Surrounding evils yet they ponder o'er,  
 A storm, a dangerous sea, and leeward shore!  
 Should they, tho' reef'd, again their sails extend,  
 Again in fluttering fragments they may rend:  
 Or should they stand, beneath the dreadful strain  
 The down-press'd ship may never rise again;  
 Too late to weather \* now Morea's land,  
 Yet verging fast to Athens' rocky strand.  
 Thus they lament the consequence severe,  
 Where perils unallay'd by hope appear.  
 Long in their minds revolving each event,  
 At last to furl the courses they consent.  
 That done, to reef the mizen next agree,  
 And try † beneath it, sidelong in the sea.

Now down the mast the sloping yard declin'd,  
 Till by the jears and topping-lift ‡ confin'd.  
 The head, with doubling canvas fenc'd around,  
 In balance, near the lofty peak, they bound.  
 The reef enwrapt, th' inserted knittles ty'd,  
 To hoist the shorten'd sail again they hy'd.

\* To weather a shore, is to pass to the windward of it, which at this time is prevented by the violence of the storm.

† To try, is to lay the ship, with her side nearly in the direction of the wind and sea, with the head somewhat inclined to the windward; the helm being laid a-lee to retain her in that position. See a further illustration of this in the last note of this Canto.

‡ The topping-lift, which tops the upper end of the mizen-yard, (see note ¶ p. 34.) This line and the six following describe the operation of reefing and balancing the mizen. The reef of this sail is towards the

The order given, the yard aloft they sway'd;  
 The brails relax'd, th' extended sheet belay'd.  
 The helm its post forsook, and, lash'd a-lee,\*  
 Inclined the wayward prow to front the sea.

When sacred Orpheus, on the Stygian coast,  
 With notes divine, implor'd his consort lost;  
 Tho' round him perils grew in fell array,  
 And fates and furies stood to bar his way;  
 Not more advent'rous was th' attempt to move  
 The powers of hell with strains of heavenly love,  
 Than mine to bid th' unwilling muse explore  
 The wilderness of rude mechanic lore.  
 Such toil th' unwearied Dædalus endur'd,  
 When in the Cretan labyrinth immur'd;  
 Till art her salutary help bestow'd,  
 To guide him through that intricate abode.  
 Thus, long entangled in a thorny way,  
 That never heard the sweet Pierian lay,  
 The muse, that tun'd to barbarous sounds her string,  
 Now spreads like Dædalus a bolder wing;  
 The verse begins in softer strains to flow,  
 Replete with sad variety of woe.

As yet, amid this elemental war,  
 That scatters desolation from afar,  
 Nor toil, nor hazard, nor distress appear,  
 To sink the seamen with unmanly fear.  
 Tho' their firm hearts no pageant honour boast,  
 They scorn the wretch that trembles at his post;  
 Who from the face of danger strives to turn,  
 Indignant from the social hour they spurn.  
 Tho' now full oft they felt the raging tide  
 In proud rebellion climb the vessel's side,  
 No future ill, unknown their souls appal;  
 They know no danger, or they scorn it all!  
 But e'en the generous spirits of the brave,  
 Subdu'd by toil, a friendly respite crave;

lower end, the knittles being small short lines used in the room of points for this purpose, (see note † p. 29, and ‡ p. 30.) they are accordingly named under the foot-ropes, or lower edge of the sail.

\* Lash'd a lee, is fastened to the lee side. See note †, p. 29.

A short repose alone their thoughts implore,  
Their harrals'd powers by slumber to restore.

Far other cares the master's mind employ;  
Approaching perils all his hopes destroy.  
In vain he spreads the graduated chart,  
And bounds the distance by the rules of art;  
In vain athwart the mimic seas expands  
The compasses to circumjacent lands.  
Ungrateful task! for no asylum trac'd,  
A passage open'd from the wat'ry waste.  
Fate seem'd to guard, with adamantin mound,  
The path to every friendly port around.  
While Albert thus, with secret doubts dismay'd,  
The geometric distances survey'd,  
On deck the watchful Rodmond cries aloud,  
Secure your lives!—grasp every man a shroud!  
Rous'd from his trance, he mounts with eyes aghast;  
When o'er the ship, in undulation vast,  
A giant surge down-rushes from on high,  
And fore and aft dissever'd ruins lie.  
As when, Britannia's empire to maintain,  
Great Hawke descends in thunder on the main;  
Around the brazen voice of battle roars,  
And fatal lightnings blast the hostile shores;  
Beneath the storm their shatter'd navies groan,  
The trembling deeps recoil from zone to zone;  
Thus the torn vessel felt th' enormous stroke;  
The boats beneath the thundering deluge broke;  
Forth-started from their planks the bursting rings,  
Th' extended cordage all afunder springs,  
The pilot's fair machinery strews the deck,  
And cards and needles swim in floating wreck.  
The balanc'd mizen, rending to the head,  
In streaming ruins from the margin fled.  
The sides convulsive shook on groaning beams.  
And rent with labour, yawn'd the pitchy seams.  
They sound the well\*, and, terrible to hear!  
Five feet immers'd along the line appear.

\* The well is an apartment in the ship's hold, serving to inclose the pumps. It is sounded by dropping a measured iron rod down into it by a long

At either pump they ply the elanking brake,\*  
 And turn by turn th' ungrateful office take.  
 Rodmond, Arion, and Palemon, here,  
 At this sad task, all diligent appear.  
 As some fair castle, shook by rude alarms,  
 Opposes long th' approach of hostile arms ;  
 Grim war around her plants his black array,  
 And death and sorrow mark his horrid way ;  
 Till in some destin'd hour, against her wall,  
 In tenfold rage, the fatal thunders fall ;  
 The ramparts crack, the solid bulwarks rend,  
 And hostile troops the shatter'd breach ascend ;  
 Her valiant inmates still the foe retard,  
 Resolv'd till death the sacred charge to guard ;  
 So the brave mariners their pumps attend,  
 And help incessant by rotation lend ;  
 But all in vain, for now the sounding eord,  
 Updrawn, an undiminish'd depth explor'd.  
 Nor this severe distress is found alone ;  
 The ribs, oppress'd by pond'rous cannon, groan ;  
 Deep rolling from the wat'ry volume's height,  
 The tortur'd sides seem bursting with their weight.  
 So reels Pelorus, with convulsive throes,  
 When in his veins the burning earthquake glows ;  
 Hoarse thro' his entrails roars th' infernal flame,  
 And central thunders rend his groaning frame :  
 Accumulated mischiefs thus arise,  
 And Fate vindictive all their skill defies.  
 One only remedy the season gave ;  
 To plunge the nerves of battle in the wave :  
 From their high platforms thus th' artillery thrown,  
 Eas'd of their load, the timbers less shall groan ;  
 But arduous is the task their lot requires ;  
 A task that hovering Fate alone inspires !  
 For, while intent the yawning decks to ease,  
 That ever and anon are drench'd with seas,

a long line. Hence the increase or diminution of the leaks are easily discovered.

+ The brake is the lever or handle of the pump, by which it is wrought.

Some fatal billow, with recoiling sweep,  
May whirl the helpless wretches in the deep.

No season this for council or delay !  
Too soon th' eventful moments haste away !  
Here perseverance, with each help of art,  
Must join the boldest efforts of the heart.  
These only now their misery can relieve ;  
These only now a dawn of safety give !—  
While o'er the quivering deck, from van to rear,  
Broad surges roll in terrible career,  
Rodmond, Arion, and a chosen crew,  
This office in the face of death pursue.  
The wheel'd artillery o'er the deck to guide,  
Rodmond descending claim'd the weather-side.  
Fearless of heart, the chief his orders gave ;  
Fronting the rude assaults of every wave.  
Like some strong watch-tower nodding o'er the deep,  
Whose rocky base the foaming waters sweep,  
Untam'd he stood ; the stern aerial war  
Had mark'd his honest face with many a scar.  
Meanwhile Arion, traversing the waist,\*  
The cordage of the leeward guns unbrae'd,  
And pointed crows beneath the metal plac'd.  
Watching the roll, their forelocks they withdrew,  
And from their beds the reeling cannon threw.  
Then, from the windward battlements unbound,  
Rodmond's associates wheel th' artillery round ;  
Pointed with iron fangs, their bars beguile  
The pond'rous arms across the steep defile ;  
Then, hurl'd from sounding hinges o'er the side,  
Thund'ring they plunge into the flashing tide.

The ship thus eas'd, some little respite finds,  
In this rude conflict of the seas and winds.  
Such ease Alcides felt, when clogg'd with gore,  
Th' envenom'd mantle from his side he tore ;  
When, stung with burning pain, he strove, too late,  
To stop the swift career of cruel fate.

\* The waist of a ship of this kind is an hollow space, of about five feet in depth, contained between the elevations of the quarter-deck and fore-castle, and having the upper deck for its base or platform.



Yet then his heart one ray of hope procur'd,  
Sad harbinger of sevenfold pangs endur'd !  
Such, and so short, the pause of woe she found !  
Cimmerian darkness shades the deep around,  
Save when the lightnings, gleaming on the sight,  
Flash thro' the gloom a pale disastrous light.  
Above all, æther, fraught with scenes of woe,  
With grim destruction threatens all below.  
Beneath the storm-lash'd surges furious rise,  
And wave uproll'd on wave assails the skies ;  
With ever-floating bulwarks they surround  
The ship, half swallow'd in the black profound !  
With ceaseless hazard and fatigue oppress'd,  
Dismay and anguish every heart possess ;  
For, while with boundless inundation o'er  
The sea-beat ship th' involving waters roar,  
Displac'd beneath by her capacious womb,  
They rage their ancient station to resume ;  
By secret ambushes their force to prove,  
Thro' many winding channels first they rove ;  
Till, gathering fury, like the fever'd blood,  
Thro' her dark veins they roll a rapid flood.  
While unrelenting thus the leaks they sound,  
The pumps w'th ever-clanking strokes resound.  
Around each leaping valve, by toil subdu'd,  
The tough bull-hide must ever be renew'd.  
Their sinking hearts unusual horrors chill ;  
And down their weary limbs thick dews distil.  
No ray of light their dying hope redeems !  
Pregnant with some new woe each moment teems !  
Again the chief th' instructive draught extends,  
And o'er the figur'd plane attentive bends ;  
To him the motion of each orb was known,  
That wheels around the sun's refulgent throne :  
But here, alas ! his science nought avails !  
Art drops unequal, and experience fails.  
The different traverses, since twilight made,  
He on the hydrographic circle laid ;

Then the broad angle of lee-way \* explor'd,  
 As swept across the graduated chord.  
 Her place discover'd by the rules of art,  
 Unusual terrors shook the master's heart;  
 When Falconera's rugged isle he found  
 Within her drift, with shelves and breakers bound.  
 For, if on those destructive shallows tost,  
 The helpless bark with all her crew are lost:  
 As fatal still appears, that danger o'er,  
 The steep St. George, and rocky Gardalor.  
 With him the pilots of their hopeless state  
 In mournful consultation now debate.  
 Not more perplexing doubts her chiefs appal,  
 When some proud city verges to her fall;  
 While ruin glares around, and pale affright  
 Convenes her councils in the dead of night;  
 No blazon'd trophies o'er their concave spread,  
 Nor storied pillars rais'd aloft the head:  
 But here the queen of shade around them threw  
 Her dragon-wing, disastrous to the view!  
 Dire was the scene, with whirlwind, hail and shower;  
 Black melancholy rul'd the fearful hour!  
 Beneath tremendous roll'd the flashing tide,  
 Where fate on every billow seem'd to ride.  
 Inclos'd with ills, by peril unsubstu'd,  
 Great in distress, the master-seaman stood:  
 Skill'd to command; deliberate to advise;  
 Expert in action; and in council wise;  
 Thus to his partners, by the crew unheard,  
 The dictates of his soul the chief referr'd:  
 Ye faithful mates, who all my trouble share,  
 Approv'd companions of your master's care!  
 To you, alas! 'twere fruitless now to tell  
 Our sad distress, already known too well!  
 This morn with favouring gales the port we left,  
 Tho' now of every flattering hope bereft;

\* The leeway, or drift, which in this place are synonymous terms, is the movement by which a ship is driven at the mercy of the wind and sea, when she is deprived of the government of the sails and helm.

To skill nor long experience could forecast  
Th' unseen approach of this destructive blast.  
These seas, where storms at various seasons blow,  
To reigning winds nor certain omens know.  
The hour, th' occasion all your skill demands ;  
A leaky ship embay'd by dangerous lands.  
Our bark no transient jeopardy surrounds ;  
Groaning she lies beneath unnumber'd wounds.  
Tis ours the doubtful remedy to find ;  
To shun the fury of the seas and wind.  
Or in this hollow swell, with labour sore,  
Her flank can bear the bursting floods no more :  
Yet this or other ills she must endure ;  
A dire disease, and desperate is the cure !  
Thus two expedients offer'd to your choice,  
Alone require your counsel and your voice.  
These only in our power are left to try ;  
To perish here, or from the storm to fly.  
The doubtful balance in my judgment cast,  
For various reasons I prefer the last.  
Tis true the vessel, and her costly freight,  
To me consign'd, my orders only wait ;  
Yet, since the charge of every life is mine,  
To equal votes our counsels I resign ;  
Forbid it, heaven, that, in this dreadful hour,  
I claim the dangerous reins of purblind power !  
But should we now resolve to bear away,  
Our hopeless state can suffer no delay :  
Nor can we, thus bereft of every sail,  
Attempt to steer obliquely on the gale.  
For then, if broaching sideward to the sea,  
Our dropfy'd ship may founder by the lee ;  
No more obedient to the pilot's power,  
Th' o'erwhelming wave may soon her frame devour.  
He said ; the listening mates with fix'd regard,  
And silent rev'rence, his opinion heard.  
Important was the question in debate,  
And o'er their counsels hung impending fate.  
Rodmond, in many a scene of peril try'd,  
Had oft the master's happier skill descry'd.

Yet now, the hour, the scene, the occasion known,  
Perhaps with equal right preferr'd his own.  
Of long experience in the naval art,  
Blunt was his speech, and naked was his heart;  
Alike to him each climate and each blast;  
The first in danger, in retreat the last:  
Sagacious balancing th' oppos'd events,  
From Albert his opinion thus dissents.

Too true the perils of the present hour,  
Where toils succeeding toils our strength o'erpower!  
Yet whither can we turn, what road pursue,  
With death before still opening on the view?  
Our bark, 'tis true, no shelter here can find,  
Sore shatter'd by the ruffian seas and wind.  
Yet with what hope of refuge can we flee,  
Chac'd by this tempest and outrageous sea?  
For while its violence the tempest keeps,  
Bereft of every sail we roam the deeps:  
At random driven, to present death we haste;  
And one short hour perhaps may be our last.  
In vain the gulph of Corinth on our lee,  
Now opens to our ports a passage free;  
Since, if before the blast the vessel flies,  
Full in her track unnumber'd dangers rise.  
Here Falconera spreads her lurking snares;  
There distant Greece her rugged shelves prepares.  
Should once her bottom strike that rocky shore,  
The splitting bark that instant were no more;  
Nor she alone, but with her all the crew  
Beyond relief were doom'd to perish too.  
Thus if to scud too rashly we consent,  
Too late in fatal hour we may repent.  
Then of our purpose this appears the scope,  
To weigh the danger with the doubtful hope.  
Though solely buffeted by every sea,  
Our hull unbroken long may try a-lee.  
The crew, tho' harrafs'd long with toils severe,  
Still at their pumps perceive no hazard near.  
Shall we, incautious, then, the danger tell,  
At once their courage and their hope to quell?

Prudence forbids !—This southern tempest soon  
May change its quarter with the changing moon.  
Its rage, tho' terrible, may soon subside,  
Nor into mountains lash th' unruly tide.  
These leaks shall then decrease ; the sails once more  
Direct our course to some relieving shore.

Thus while he spoke, around from man to man  
At either pump a hollow murmur ran.  
For while the vessel, thro' unnumber'd chinks,  
Above, below, th' invading waters drinks,  
Sounding her depth, they ey'd the wetted scale,  
And lo ! the leaks o'er all their powers prevail.  
Yet in their post, by terrors unsubdu'd,  
They with redoubling force their task pursu'd.

And now the senior pilot seem'd to wait  
Arion's voice to close the last debate.  
Tho' many a bitter storm, with peril fraught,  
In Neptune's school the wandering stripling taught,  
Not twice nine summers yet matur'd his thought.  
So oft he bled by fortune's cruel dart,  
It fell at last innoxious on his heart.  
His mind still shunning care with secret hate,  
In patient indolence resign'd to fate.  
But now the horrors that around him roll,  
Thus rous'd to action his rekindling soul :

With fix'd attention, pondering in my mind  
The dark distresses on each side combin'd ;  
While here we linger in the pass of fate,  
I see no moment left for sad debate :  
For, some decision if we wish to form,  
Ere yet our vessel sink beneath the storm,  
Her shatter'd state and yon desponding crew  
At once suggest what measures to pursue.  
The lab'ring hull already seems half fill'd  
With waters through an hundred leaks distill'd ;  
As in a dropsey, wallowing with her freight,  
Half-drown'd she lies, a dead inactive weight !  
Thus, drench'd by ev'ry wave, her riven deck,  
Stript and defenceless, floats a naked wreck ;

Her wounded flanks no longer can sustain.  
These fell invasions of the bursting main.  
At ev'ry pitch, th' o'erwhelming billows bend  
Beneath their load the quivering bowsprit-end.  
A fearful warning ! since the masts on high  
On that support with trembling hope rely.  
At either pump our seamen pant for breath,  
In dark dismay anticipating death :  
Still all our powers th' increasing leaks defy :  
We sink at sea, no shore no haven nigh.  
One dawn of hope yet breaks athwart the gloom,  
To light and save us from the wat'ry tomb.  
That bids us shun the death impending here ;  
Fly from the following blast, and shoreward steer.  
'Tis urg'd, indeed, the fury of the gale  
Precludes the help of every guiding sail ;  
And driven before it on the wat'ry waste,  
To rocky shores and scenes of death we haste.  
But haply Falconera we may shun ;  
And far to Grecian coasts is yet the run :  
Less harras'd then, our scudding ship may bear  
Th' assaulting surge repell'd upon her rear ;  
E'en then the wearied storm as soon shall die,  
Or less torment the groaning pines on high.  
Should we at last be driven by dire decree  
Too near the fatal margin of the sea,  
The hull! dismasted there a while may ride,  
With lengthen'd cables, on the raging tide.  
Perhaps kind heaven, with interposing power,  
May curb the tempest ere that dreadful hour.  
But here engulf'd and foundering while we stay,  
Fate hovers o'er and marks us for her prey.

He said :—Palemon saw, with grief of heart,  
The storm prevailing o'er the pilot's art :  
In silent terror and distress involv'd,  
He heard their last alternative resolv'd.  
High beat his bosom. With such fear subdu'd,  
Beneath the gloom of some enchanted wood,  
Oft in old time the wardering swain explor'd  
The midnight wizards, breathing rites abhor'd ;

Trembling approach'd their incantations fell,  
 And, chill'd with horror, heard the songs of hell.  
 Arion saw, with secret anguish mov'd,  
 The deep affliction of the friend he lov'd ;  
 And, all awake to friendship's genial heat,  
 His bosom felt consenting tumults beat.  
 Alas ! no season this for tender love ;  
 Far hence the music of the myrtle grove !  
 With comfort's soothing voice, from hope deceiv'd,  
 Palemon's drooping spirit he reviv'd.  
 For consolation; oft with healing art,  
 Retunes the jarring numbers of the heart.  
 Now had the pilots all th' events revolv'd,  
 And on their final refuge thus resolv'd ;  
 When, like the faithful shepherd, who beholds  
 Some prowling wolf approach his fleecy folds ;  
 To the brave crew, whom racking doubts perplex,  
 The dreadful purpose Albert thus directs :

Unhappy partners in a wayward fate !  
 Whose gallant spirits now are known too late ;  
 Ye ! who unmov'd behold this angry storm  
 With terrors all the rolling deep perform ;  
 Who, patient in adversity, still bear  
 The firmest front when greatest ills are near !  
 The truth, tho' grievous, I must now reveal,  
 That long in vain I purpos'd to conceal.  
 Ingulf'd, all helps of art we vainly try,  
 To weather leeward shores, alas ! too nigh.  
 Our crazy bark no longer can abide  
 The seas that thunder o'er her batter'd side :  
 And, while the leaks a fatal warning give,  
 That in this raging sea she cannot live,  
 One only refuge from despair we find ;  
 At once to veer and send before the wind\*.  
 Perhaps e'en then to ruin we may steer ;  
 For broken shores before our lee appear ;  
 But that's remote, and instant death is here :

\* For an explanation of these manœuvres, the reader is referred to the last note of this Canto.

Yet there, by heaven's assistance, we may gain  
Some creek or inlet of the Grecian main;  
Or, shelter'd by some rock, at anchor ride,  
Till with abating rage the blast subside.

But if, determin'd by the will of Heav'n,  
Our helpless bark at last ashore is driv'n,  
These counsels follow'd, from the wat'ry grave  
Our floating sailors in the surf may save.

And first let all our axes be secur'd,  
To cut the masts and rigging from aboard.  
Then to the quarters bind each plank and oar,  
To float between the vessel and the shore.  
The longest cordage too must be convey'd  
On deck, and to the weather-rails belay'd.  
So they who haply reach alive the land,  
Th' extended lines may fasten on the strand.  
Whene'er, loud thundering on the leeward shore,  
While yet aloof we hear the breakers roar;  
Thus for the terrible event prepar'd,  
Brace fore and aft to starboard every yard.  
So shall our mast swim lighter on the wave,  
And from the broken rocks our seamen save.  
Then westward turn the stem, that every mast  
May shoreward fall, when from the vessel cast.  
When o'er her side once more the billows bound,  
Ascend the rigging till she strikes the ground:  
And when you hear aloft th' alarming shock,  
That strikes her bottom on some pointed rock,  
The boldest of our sailors must descend,  
The dangerous business of the deck to tend:  
Then each, secur'd by some convenient cord,  
Should cut the shrouds and rigging from the board.  
Let the broad axes next assail each mast;  
And booms, and qars, and rafts to leeward cast.  
Thus, while the cordage, stretch'd ashore, may guide  
Our brave companions thro' the swelling tide,  
This floating lumber shall sustain them, o'er  
The rocky shelves, in safety to the shore.  
But as your firmest succour, till the last,  
O cling securely to each faithful mast!



'Tho' great the danger, and the task severe,  
Yet bow not to the tyranny of fear!  
If once that slavish yoke your spirits quell,  
Adieu to hope! to life itself farewell!

I know among you some full oft have view'd,  
With murdering weapons arm'd, a lawless brood,  
On England's vile inhuman shore who stand,  
The foul reproach and scandal of our land!  
To rob the wanderers wreck'd upon the strand.  
These, while their savage office they pursue,  
Oft wound to death the helpless plunder'd crew,  
Who, 'scap'd from every horror of the main,  
Implore their mercy, but implore in vain:  
But dread not this!—a crime to Greece unknown!  
Such blood-hounds all her circling shores disown:  
Her sons, by barbarous tyranny oppress'd,  
Can share affliction with the wretch distress'd:  
Their hearts, by cruel fate inur'd to grief,  
Oft to the friendless stranger yield relief.

With conscious horror struck, the naval band  
Detested for a while their native land.  
They curs'd the sleeping vengeance of the laws,  
That thus forgot her guardian sailors' cause.  
Mean while the mother's voice again they heard,  
Whom, as with filial duty, ad rever'd.

No more remains—but now a trusty band  
Must ever at the pump industrious stand;  
And while with us the rest attend to wear,  
Two skilful seamen to the helm repair!  
O Source of life! our refuge and our stay!  
Whose voice the warring elements obey,  
On thy supreme assistance we rely;  
Thy mercy supplicate, if doom'd to die!  
Perhaps this storm is sent, with healing breath,  
From neighbouring shores to scourge disease and death!  
'Tis ours on thine unerring laws to trust:  
With thee, great Lord! 'whatever is, is just.'

He said; and with consenting reverence traught,  
The sailors join'd his prayer in silent thought.

His intellectual eye, serenely bright !  
 Saw distant objects with prophetic light.  
 Thus in a land, that lasting wars oppress,  
 That groans beneath misfortune and distress ;  
 Whole wealth to conquering armies falls a prey ;  
 Her bulwarks sinking, as her troops decay ;  
 Some bold sagacious statesman, from the helm,  
 Sees desolation gathering o'er his realm ;  
 He darts around his penetrating eyes,  
 Where dangers grow, and hostile unions rise ;  
 With deep attention marks th' invading foe ;  
 Eludes their wiles, and frustrates every blow ;  
 Tries his last art the tottering state to save,  
 Or in its ruins find a glorious grave.

Still in the yawning trough the vessel reels,  
 Ingulf'd beneath two fluctuating hills :  
 On either side they rise ; tremendous scene !  
 A long dark melancholy vale between\*.

\* That the reader, who is unacquainted with the manœuvres of navigation, may conceive a clearer idea of a ship's state when trying, and of the change of her situation to that of scudding, I have quoted a part of the explanation of those articles as they appear in the Dictionary of the Marine.

Trying is the situation in which a ship lies nearly in the trough or hollow of the sea in a tempest, particularly when it blows contrary to her course.

In trying, as well as in scudding, the sails are always reduced in proportion to the increase of the storm ; and in either state, if the storm is excessive, she may have all her sails furled ; or be, according to the sea phrase, under bare poles.

The intent of spreading a sail at this time is to keep the ship more steady, and to prevent her from rolling violently, by pressing her side down in the water ; and also to turn her head towards the source of the wind, so that the shock of the seas may fall more obliquely on her flank, than when she lies along the trough of the sea, or in the interval between two waves. While she lies in this situation, the helm is fastened close to the lee-side, to prevent her, as much as possible, from falling to leeward. But as the ship is not then kept in equilibrio by the operation of her sails, which at other times counterbalance each other at the head and stern, she is moved by a slow but continual vibration, which turns her head alternately to windward and to leeward, forming an angle of 20 or 40 degrees in the interval. That part where she stops in approaching the direction of the wind, is called her coming to ; and the contrary excess of the angle to leeward, is called her falling off.

Weering, or wearing, as used in the present sense, may be defined, the movement by which a ship changes her state from trying to that of scudding, or of running before the direction of the wind and sea.

The balanc'd ship, now forward, now behind,  
Still felt th' impression of the waves and wind,  
And to the right and left by turns inclin'd.

It is an axiom in natural philosophy, "That every body will persevere in a state of rest, or of moving uniformly in a right line, unless it be compelled to change its state by forces impressed: and that the change of motion is proportional to the moving force impressed, and made according to the right line in which that force acts."

Hence it is easy to conceive how a ship is compelled to turn into any direction by the force of the wind, acting upon any part of her length in lines parallel to the plane of the horizon. Thus in the act of weering, which is a necessary consequence of this invariable principle, the object of the seaman is to reduce the action of the wind on the ship's hind part, and to receive its utmost exertion on her fore part, so that the latter may be pushed to leeward. This effect is either produced by the operation of the sails, or by the impression of the wind on the masts and yards. In the former case the sails on the hind part of the ship are either furled, or arranged nearly parallel to the direction of the wind, which then glides ineffectually along their surfaces; at the same time the foremost sails are spread abroad, so as to receive the greatest exertion of the wind. See line 5 of the next page. The fore part accordingly yields to this impulse, and is put in motion; and this motion, necessarily conspiring with that of the wind, pushes the ship about as much as is requisite to produce the desired effect.

But when the tempest is so violent as to preclude the use of sails, the effort of the wind operates almost equally on the opposite ends of the ship, because the masts and yards situated near the head and stern serve to counterbalance each other in receiving its impression. The effect of the helm is also considerably diminished, because the head-way, which gives life and vigour to all its operations, is at this time feeble and ineffectual. Hence it becomes necessary to destroy this equilibrium which subsists between the masts and yards before and behind, and to throw the balance forward to prepare for weering. If this cannot be effected by the arrangement of the yards on the masts, and it becomes absolutely necessary to weer, in order to save the ship from destruction, the mizen-mast must be cut away, and even the main-mast, if she still remains incapable of answering the helm by turning her prow to leeward.

Scudding is that movement in navigation by which a ship is carried precipitately before a tempest.

As a ship flies with amazing rapidity through the water, whenever this expedient is put in practice, it is never attempted in a contrary wind, unless when her condition renders her incapable of sustaining the mutual effort of the wind and waves any longer on her side, without being exposed to the most imminent danger.

A ship either scuds with a sail extended on her fore-mast, or if the storm is excessive, without any sail, which in the sea phrase is called scudding under bare poles.

The principal hazards incident to scudding are, generally, a sea striking the ship's stern; the difficulty of steering, which perpetually exposes her to the danger of breaching-to; and the want of sufficient sea-room. A sea which strikes the stern violently may shatter it to pieces, by which the ship must inevitably founder. By breaching-to suddenly, she is threatened with losing all her masts and sails, or being immediately overturned; and, for want of sea-room, she is exposed to the danger of being wrecked on a lee-shore.

But Albert from behind the balance drew,  
And on the prow its double efforts threw.  
The order now was given to bear away ;  
The order given, the timoneers obey.  
High o'er the bowsprit stretch'd the tortur'd sail,  
As on the rack, distends beneath the gale.  
But scarce the yielding prow its impulse knew,  
When in a thousand flitting shreds it flew !  
Yet Albert new resources still prepares,  
And, bridling grief, redoubles all his cares.  
Away there ! lower the mizen-yard on deck !  
He calls, and brace the foremost yards aback !  
His great example every bosom fires ;  
New life rekindles, and new hope inspires :  
While to the helm unfaithful still she lies,  
One desperate remedy at last he tries.  
Haste, with your weapons cut the shrouds and stay ;  
And hew at once the mizen-mast away !

He said: the attentive sailors on each side,  
At his command, the trembling cords divide.  
Fast by the fated pine bold Rodmond stands ;  
Th' impatient axe hung gleaming in his hands ;  
Brandish'd on high, it fell with dreadful sound ;  
The tall mast groaning, felt the deadly wound.  
Deep gash'd with sores, the tottering structure rings,  
And crashing, thund'ring, o'er the quarter swings.

Thus when some limb, convuls'd with pangs of death,  
Imbibes the gangrene's pestilential breath,  
Th' experienc'd artist from the blood betrays  
The latent venom, or its course delays :  
But if th' infection triumphs o'er his art,  
Tainting the vital stream that warms the heart,  
Resolv'd at last, he quits the unequal strife,  
Severs the member, and preserves the life.

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# THE SHIPWRECK.

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## CANTO III.

### The Argument.

The Design and Influence of Poetry. Applied to the subject. Wreck of the Mizen-mast cleared away. Ship veers before the Wind. Her violent Agitation. Different Stations of the officers. Appearance of the Island of Falconera. Excursion to the adjacent Nations of Greece, renowned in Antiquity. Athens. Socrates. Plato. Aristides. Solon. Corinth. Sparta. Leonidas. Invasion of Xerxes. Lycurgus. Epaminoudas. Modern Appearance. Arcadia. Its former Happiness and Fertility. Present Distress, the effects of Slavery. Ithaca. Ulysses and Penelope. Argos and Mycenæ. Agamæmnon. Macrinisi. Lemnos. Vulcan and Venus. Delos. Apollo and Diana. Troy. Sestos. Leander and Hero. Delphos. Temple of Apollo. Parnassus. The Muses. The Subject resumed. Sparkling of the Sea. Prodigious Tempest, accompanied with Rain, Hail, and Meteors. Darkness, Lightning and Thunder. Approach of Day. Discovery of Land. The Ship in great Danger passes the Island of St. George. Turns her Broadside to the Shore. Her Bow-sprit, Fore-mast, and Main-top-mast carried away. She strikes a Rock, Splits asunder. Fate of the Crew.

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*The Scene stretches from that Part of the Archipelago which lies ten Miles to the Northward of Falconera, to Cape Colonna, in Attica. The time is about Seven Hours, being from One till Eight in the Morning.*

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WHEN in a barbarous age, with blood defil'd,  
The human savage roam'd the gloomy wild;  
When sullen Ignorance her flag display'd,  
And Rapine and Revenge her voice obey'd;  
Sent from the shores of light, the Muses came,  
The dark and solitary race to tame.  
Twas theirs the lawless passions to controul,  
And melt in tender sympathy the soul;  
The heart from vice and error to reclaim,  
And breathe in human breasts celestial flame.  
The kindling spirit caught th' empyreal ray,  
And glow'd congenial with the swelling lay.  
Rous'd from the chaos of primeval night,  
At once fair Truth and Reason sprung to light.  
When great Mæonides, in rapid song,  
The thundering tide of battle rolls along,

Each ravish'd bosom feels the high alarms,  
 And all the burning pulleys beat to arms,  
 From earth upborn, on Pegasean wings,  
 Far thro' the boundless realms of thought he springs;  
 While distant poets, trembling as they view  
 His sunward flight, the dazzling track pursue.  
 But when his strings, with mournful magic, tell  
 What dire distress Laertes' son befall,  
 The strains, meand'ring thro' the maze of woe,  
 Bid sacred sympathy the heart o'erflow.  
 Thus, in old time, th' Muses heavenly breath  
 With vital force dissolv'd the chains of death:  
 Each bard in epic lays began to sing,  
 Taught by the master of the vocal string.  
 'Tis mine, alas! through dangerous scenes to stray,  
 Far from the light of his unerring ray!  
 While, all unus'd the wayward path to tread,  
 Darkling I wander with prophetic dread.  
 To me in vain the bold Mæonian lyre  
 Awakes the numbers, fraught with living fire!  
 Full oft, indeed, that mournful harp of yore  
 Wept the sad wanderer lost upon the shore;  
 But o'er that scene th' impatient numbers ran,  
 Subservient only to a nobler plan.  
 'Tis mine the unravell'd prospect to display,  
 And chain th' events in regular array.  
 Tho' hard the task to sing in varied strains,  
 While all uncharg'd the tragic theme remains!  
 'Thrice happy! might the secret powers of art  
 Unlock the latent windings of the heart!  
 Might the sad numbers draw compassion's tear  
 For kindred-miseries oft' beheld too near;  
 For kindred-wretches, oft' in ruin cast  
 On Albion's strand, beneath the wintry blast;  
 For all the pangs, the complicated woe,  
 Her bravest sons, her faithful sailors know!  
 So pity, gushing o'er each British breast,  
 Might sympathize with Britain's sons distress:  
 For this, my theme thro' mazes I pursue,  
 Which nor Mæonidas nor Maro knew.

Awhile the mast, in ruins dragg'd behind,  
 Calanc'd th' impression of the helm and wind :  
 The wounded serpent, agoniz'd with pain,  
 Thus trails his mangled volume on the plain :  
 But now, the wreck dis sever'd from the rear,  
 The long reluctant prow began to veer ;  
 And while around before the wind it falls,  
 Square all the yards ! \* th' attentive master calls ;  
 You, timoneers, her motion still attend !  
 For on your steerage all our lives depend.  
 Steady ! † meet her ; watch the blast behind,  
 And steer her right before the seas and wind !  
 Starboard again ! the watchful pilot cries ;  
 Starboard, th' obedient timoneer replies.  
 Then to the left the ruling helm returns ;  
 The wheel ‡ revolves ; the ringing axle burns.  
 The ship, no longer foundering by the lee,  
 Bears on her side th' invasions of the sea :  
 All-lonely o'er the desert waste she flies,  
 Courg'd on by surges, storm and bursting skies.  
 As when the masters of the lance assail,  
 In Hyperborean seas, the slumbering whale :  
 Soon as the javelines pierce his scaly hide,  
 With anguish stung, he cleaves the downward tide ;  
 In vain he flies ! no friendly respite found ;  
 His life-blood gushes thro' th' inflaming wound :  
 The wounded bark, thus smarting with her pain,  
 Studs from pursuing waves along the main ;  
 While, dash'd apart by her dividing prow,  
 Like burning adamant the waters glow.  
 Her joints forget their firm elastic tone ;  
 Her long keel trembles, and her timbers groan.  
 Upheav'd behind her, in tremendous height,  
 The billows frown, with fearful radiance bright !  
 Now thivering, o'er the top-moſt wave she rides,  
 While deep beneath th' enormous gulf divides.

To square the yards, in this place is meant to arrange them directly  
 thwart the ship's length.

Steady, is the order to steer the ship according to the line on which  
 she advances at that instant, without deviating to the right or left thereof.

In all large ships the helm is managed by a wheel.

Now, launching headlong from the horrid vale,  
She hears no more the roaring of the gale ;  
'Till up the dreadful height again she flies,  
Trembling beneath the current of the skies.  
As that rebellious angel who from heaven  
To regions of eternal pain was driven ;  
When dreadful he forsook the Stygian shore,  
The distant realms of Eden to explore ;  
Here, on sulphureous clouds sublime upheav'd,  
With daring wing th' internal air he cleav'd,  
There in some hideous gulf descending prone,  
Far in the rayless void of night was thrown :  
E'en so she scales the briny mountain's height.  
Then down the black abyss precipitates her flight.  
The masts, around whose tops the whirlwinds sing,  
With long vibration round her axle swing.  
To guide the wayward course amid the gloom,  
The watchful pilots different posts assume.  
Albert and Rodmond, station'd on the rear,  
With warning voice direct each timoneer.  
High on the prow the guard Arion keeps,  
To shun the cruizers wandering o'er the deeps ;  
Where'er he moves Palemon still attends,  
As if on him his only hope depends ;  
While Roomond, fearful of some neighb'ring shore,  
Cries, ever and anon, Look out afore ?  
Four hours thus scudding on the tide she flew,  
When Falconera's rocky height they view ;  
High o'er its summit, thro' the gloom of night,  
The glimmering watch tower cast a mournful light.  
In dire amazement rivetted they stand,  
And hear the breakers lash the rugged strand :  
But soon beyond this shore the vessel flies,  
Swift as the rapid eagle cleaves the skies,  
So from the fangs of her insatiate foe,  
O'er the broad champaign scuds the trembling roe.  
That danger past, reflects a feeble joy ;  
But soon returning fears their hope destroy.  
Thus, in th' Atlantic, oft the sailor eyes,  
While melting in the reign of softer skies,



Some Alp of ice, from polar regions blown,  
 Sail the glad influence of a warmer zone :  
 Its frozen cliffs attemper'd gales supply ;  
 In cooling stream th' ærial billows fly ;  
 Awhile deliver'd from the scorching heat,  
 In gentler tides the feverish pulses beat.  
 So, when their trembling vessel pass'd this isle,  
 Such visionary joys the crew beguile :  
 Th' illusive meteors of a lifeless fire !  
 Too soon they kindle, and too soon expire !  
 Say, memory ! thou, from whose unerring tongue  
 Instructive flows the animated song ;  
 What regions now the flying ship surround ?  
 Regions of old, thro' all the world renown'd ;  
 That, once the poet's theme, the Mule's boast,  
 Now lie in ruins ; in oblivion lost !  
 Did they, whose sad distress these lays deplore,  
 Unskill'd in Grecian or in Roman lore,  
 Unconscious pass each famous circling shore ?  
 They did ; for blasted in the barren shade,  
 Here, all too soon, the buds of science fade :  
 Sad ocean's genius, in untimely hour,  
 Withers the bloom of every springing flower.  
 Here fancy droops, while sullen cloud and storm  
 The generous climate of the soul deform.  
 Then if, among the wandering naval train,  
 One stripling exil'd from th' Aonian plain,  
 Had e'er entranc'd in fancy's soothing dream,  
 Approach'd to taste the sweet Castalian stream,  
 Since those salubrious streams, with power divine,  
 To purer sense th' attemper'd soul refine,)  
 His heart with liberal commerce here unblest,  
 Alien to joy ! sicerer grief possels'd.  
 Yet on the youthful mind th' impression cast  
 Of ancient glory, shall for ever last.  
 There, all unquench'd by cruel fortune's ire,  
 It glows with unextinguishable fire.  
 Immortal Athens still, in ruin spread,  
 Contiguous lies at Port Lione's head.

Great source of science ! whose immortal name  
 Stands foremost in the glorious roll of fame.  
 Here godlike Socrates and Plato shone,  
 And, firm to truth, eternal honour won.  
 The first in Virtue's cause his life resign'd,  
 By Heav'n pronounc'd the wisest of mankind :  
 The last foretold the spark of vital fire,  
 The soul's fine essence, never could expire.  
 Here Solon dwelt, the philosophic sage,  
 That fled Pisistratus' vindictive rage.  
 Just Aristides here maintain'd the cause,  
 Whose sacred precepts shine thro' Solon's laws.  
 Of all her towering structures, now alone  
 Some scatter'd columns stand, with weeds o'ergrown  
 The wandering stranger near the port descries  
 A milk-white lion of stupendous size ;  
 Unknown the sculptor ; marble is the frame :  
 And hence th' adjacent haven drew its name.

Next, in the gulf of Engia, Corinth lies,  
 Whose gorgeous fabrics seem'd to strike the skies ;  
 Whom, tho' by tyrant-victors oft subdu'd,  
 Greece, Egypt, Rome, with awful wonder view'd ;  
 Her name, for Pallas' heavenly art renown'd,\*  
 Spread like the foliage which her pillars crown'd.  
 But now, in fatal desolation laid,  
 Oblivion o'er it draws a dismal shade.

Then further westward on Morea's land,  
 Fair Mistra ! thy modern turrets stand.  
 Ah ! who, unmov'd with secret woe, can tell  
 That here great Lacedæmon's glory fell ?  
 Here once she flourish'd, at whose trumpet's sound  
 War burst his chains, and nations shook around.  
 Here brave Leonidas, from shore to shore,  
 Thro' all Achæia bade her thunders roar :  
 He, when imperial Xerxes, from afar,  
 Advanc'd with Persia's sumless troops to war,  
 Till Macedonia shrunk beneath his spear,  
 And Greece dismay'd beheld the chief draw near ;

He, at Thermopylæ's immortal plain,  
His force repell'd with Sparta's glorious train.  
Tall Oeto saw the tyrant's conquer'd bands,  
In gasping millions, bleed on hostile lands.  
Thus vanquis'd Asia trembling heard thy name,  
And Thebes and Athens sicken'd at thy fame !  
Thy state, supported by Lycurgus' laws,  
Drew, like thine arms, superlative applause.  
E'en great Epaminondas strove in vain  
To curb that spirit with a Theban chain.  
But ah ! how low her free-born spirit now !  
Her subj'ct sons to haughty tyrants bow ;  
A false, degenerate, superstitious race  
Infest thy region, and thy name disgrace !  
Not distant far, Arcadia's blest domains  
Peloponnesus' circling shore contains.  
Thrice happy soil ! where still serenely gay,  
Indulgent Flora breath'd perpetual May ;  
Where buxom Ceres taught the obsequious field,  
Rich without art, spontaneous gifts to yield.  
Then with some rural nymph supremely blest,  
While transport glow'd in each enamour'd breast,  
Each faithful shepherd told his tender pain,  
And sung of sylvan sports in artless strain.  
Now, sad reverse ! Oppression's iron hand  
Enslaves her natives, and despoils the land.  
In lawless rapine bred, a sanguine train  
With midnight-ravage scour th' uncultur'd plain.  
Westward of these, beyond the Isthmus, lies  
The long-lost isle of Ithacus the wise ;  
Where long Penelope her absent lord  
Full twice ten years with faithful love deplor'd.  
Tho' many a princely heart her beauty won,  
She, guarded only by her stripling son,  
Each bold attempt of suitor-kings repell'd,  
And undisl'd the nuptial contract held.  
With various arts to win her love they toil'd,  
But all their wiles by virtuous fraud she foil'd.  
True to her vows, and resolutely chaste,  
The beauteous princess triumph'd at the last.

Argos, in Greece forgotten and unknown,  
 Still seems her cruel fortune to bemoan ;  
 Argos, whose monarch led the Grecian hosts,  
 Far o'er th' Ægean main to Dardan's coasts.  
 Unhappy prince ! who, on a hostile shore,  
 Toil, peril, anguish, ten long winters bore ;  
 And when to native realms restor'd at last,  
 To reap the harvest of thy labours past,  
 A perjur'd friend, alas ! and faithless wife,  
 There sacrific'd to impious lust thy life !  
 Fast by Arcadia stretch these desert plains,  
 And o'er the land a gloomy tyrant reigns.

Next the fair isle of Helena \* is seen,  
 Where adverse winds detain'd the Spartan queen ;  
 For whom in arms combin'd the Grecian host,  
 With vengeance fir'd, invaded Phrygia's coast ;  
 For whom so long they labour'd to destroy  
 The sacred turrets of imperial Troy.  
 Here, driven by Juno's rage, the hapless dame,  
 Forlorn of heart from ruin'd Ilion came.  
 The port an image bears of Parian stone,  
 Of ancient fabric but of date unknown.

Due east from this appears th' immortal shore  
 That sacred Phœbus and Diana bore :  
 Delos, thro' all the Ægean seas renown'd !  
 (Whose coast the rocky Cyclades surround,)  
 By Phœbus honour'd, and by Greece rever'd ;  
 Her hallow'd groves e'en distant Persia fear'd.  
 But now a silent unfrequented land !  
 No human footstep marks the trackless sand.  
 Thence to the north, by Asia's western bound,  
 Fair Lemnos stands, with rising marble crown'd ;  
 Where, in her rage, avenging Juno hurl'd  
 Ill-fated Vulcan from th' æthereal world.  
 There his eternal anvils first he rear'd ;  
 Then, forg'd by Cyclopean art, appear'd  
 Thunders, that shook the skies with dire alarms,  
 And, form'd by skill divine, Vulcanian arms.

\* Now known by the name of Macronesi.





*A. Gibbald del.*

*C. Barrett sculp.*

Till in a fated hour on Thracia's coast,  
She saw her lover's lifeless body tost;  
Then felt her bosom agony severe;  
Her eyes sad gazing pour'd th' incessant tear.

*See Canto III. Page 67.*

Were with this cripple wretch, the foul disgrace  
 And living scandal of the empyreal race,  
 The beauteous queen of Love in wedlock dwelt:  
 In fires profane can heavenly bosoms melt?  
 Eastward of this appears the Dardan shore,  
 That once th' imperial towers of Ilium bore.  
 Lustrous Troy! renown'd in every clime,  
 Thro' the long annals of unfolding time!  
 How oft, thy royal bulwarks to defend,  
 Thou saw'st the tutel'ar gods in vain descend!  
 Tho' chiefs unnumber'd in her cause were slain,  
 Tho' nations perish'd on her bloody plain,  
 That refuge of perfidious Helen's shame  
 Was doom'd at length to sink in Grecian flame:  
 And now by Time's deep plough-share hallow'd o'er,  
 The seat of sacred Troy is found no more.  
 No trace of all her glories now remains;  
 But corn and vines enrich her cultur'd plains.  
 Silver Scamander laves the verdant shore;  
 Scamander oft o'erflow'd with hostile gore!  
 Not far remov'd from Ilion's famous land,  
 In counter view appears the Thracian strand;  
 Where beauteous Hero, from the turret's height,  
 Display'd her crescent each revolving night;  
 Whose gleam directed lov'd Leander o'er  
 The rolling Hællaspont to Asia's shore;  
 Till, in a fated hour, on Thracia's coast  
 He saw her lover's lifeless body tost;  
 Then felt her bosom agony severe;  
 Her eyes sad-gazing pour'd th' incessant tear;  
 O'erwhelm'd with anguish, frantic with despair,  
 She beat her beauteous breast, and tore her hair:  
 On dear Leander's name in vain she cry'd;  
 Then headlong plung'd into the parting tide.  
 The parting tide receiv'd the lovely weight,  
 And proudly flow'd, exulting in its freight!  
 Far west of Thrace, beyond the Ægean main,  
 Remote from ocean, lies the Delphic plain.  
 The sacred oracle of Phœbus there  
 High o'er the mount arose, divinely fair!

Achaian marble form'd the gorgeous pile :  
August the fabric ! elegant its stile !  
On brazen hinges turn'd the silver doors,  
And chequer'd marble pav'd the polish'd floors.  
The roofs, where florid tablatures appear'd,  
On columns of Corinthian mould were rear'd :  
Of shining porphyry the shafts were fram'd,  
And round the hollow dome bright jewels flam'd.  
Apollo's suppliant priests, a blameless train !  
Fram'd their oblations on the holy fane :  
To front the sun's declining ray 'twas plac'd :  
With golden harps and living laurels grac'd,  
The sciences and arts around the shrine  
Conspicuous shone, engrav'd by hands divine !  
Here Æsculapius' snake display'd his crest,  
And burning glories sparkled on his breast ;  
While from his eye's insufferable light  
Disease and death recoil'd in headlong flight.  
Of this great temple, thro' all time renown'd,  
Sunk in oblivion, no remains are found.

Contiguous here, with hallow'd woods o'erspread,  
Parnassus lifts to heaven its honour'd head :  
Where from the deluge sav'd, by heaven's command,  
Deucalion, leading Pyrrha hand in hand,  
Repeopled all the desolated land.  
Around the scene unfading laurels grow,  
And aromatic flowers for ever blow.  
The winged choirs, on every tree above,  
Carol sweet numbers thro' the vocal grove ;  
While o'er th' eternal spring, that smiles beneath,  
Young zephyrs, borne on rosy pinions, breathe.  
Fair daughters of the sun ! the sacred Nine,  
Here wake to celesiafy their songs divine ;  
Or, crown'd with myrtle, in some sweet alcove  
Attune the tender strings to bleeding love.  
All sadly sweet the balmy currents roll,  
Soothing to softest peace the tortur'd soul.  
While hill and vale with coral voice around  
The music of immortal harps resound,



Fair Pleasure leads in dance the happy hours,  
 Still scattering where she moves Elysian flowers !  
 E'en now the strains, with sweet contagion fraught,  
 Shed a delicious languor o'er the thought.  
 Adieu, ye vales, that smiling peace bestow,  
 Where Eden's blossoms ever-vernal blow !  
 Adieu, ye streams, that o'er enchanted ground  
 In lucid maze th' Aonian hill surround !  
 Ye fairy scenes, where fancy loves to dwell,  
 And young Delight, for ever, oh, farewell !  
 The soul with tender luxury you fill,  
 And o'er the sense Lethæan dews distil !  
 Awake, O Memory, from th' inglorious dream !  
 With brazen lungs resume the kindling theme !  
 Collect thy power's ! arouse thy vital fire !  
 Ye spirits of the storm, my verse inspire !  
 Hoarse as the whirlwinds that enrage the main,  
 In torrents pour along the swelling strain !  
 Now, borne impetuous o'er the boiling deeps,  
 Her course to Attic shores the vessel keeps :  
 The pilots, as the waves behind her swell,  
 Still with the wheeling stern their force repel.  
 For this assault should either quarter \* feel,  
 Again to flank the tempest she might reel,  
 The steersmen every bidden turn apply ;  
 To right and left the spokes alternate fly.  
 Thus when some conquer'd host retreats in fear,  
 The bravest leaders guard the broken rear ;  
 Indignant they retire, and long oppose  
 Superior armies that around them close ;  
 Still shield the flanks ; the routed squadrons join ;  
 And guide the flight in one embodied line ;  
 So they direct the flying bark before  
 Th' impelling floods that lash her to the shore.  
 As some benighted traveller, thro' the shade,  
 Explores the devious path with heart dismay'd ;  
 While prowling savages behind him roar,  
 And yawning pits and quagmires lurk before ;

\* The quarter is the hinder part of a ship's side ; or that part which is near the stern.

High o'er the poop th' audacious seas aspire,  
Uproll'd in hills of fluctuating fire.  
As some fell conq'ror, frantic with success,  
Sheds o'er the nation ruin and distress;  
So while the wat'ry wilderness he roams,  
Incens'd to sevenfold rage the tempest foams;  
And o'er the trembling pines, above, below,  
Shrill thro' the cordage howls with notes of woe.  
Now thunders, wafted from the burning zone,  
Growl from afar, a deaf and hollow groan!  
The ship's high battlements, to either side  
For ever rocking, drink the briny tide:  
Her joints unhing'd, in palsied languors play,  
As ice dissolves beneath the noon-tide ray.  
The skies asunder torn, a deluge pour;  
Th' impetuous hail descends in whirling shower.  
High on the masts, with pale and livid rays,  
Amid the gloom portentous meteors blaze.  
Th' æthereal dome, in mournful pomp array'd,  
Now lurks behind impenetrable shade;  
Now, flashing round intolerable light,  
Redoubles all the terrors of the night.  
Such terror Sinai's quaking hill o'erspread,  
When heaven's loud trumpet sounded o'er his head.  
It seem'd, the wrathful Angel of the wind  
Had all the horrors of the skies combin'd;  
And here, to one ill-fated ship oppos'd,  
At once the dreadful magazine disclos'd.  
And lo! tremendous o'er the deep he springs,  
Th' inflaming sulphur flashing from his wings!  
Hark his strong voice the dismal silence breaks!  
Mad chaos from the chains of death awakes!  
Loud and more loud the rolling peals enlarge,  
And blue on deck their blazing sides discharge;  
There, all aghast, the shivering wretches stood,  
While chill suspense and fear congeal'd their blood.  
Now in a deluge bursts the living flame,  
And dread concussion rends th' æthereal frame:  
Sick earth convulsive groans from shore to shore,  
And nature shuddering feels the horrid roar.

Still the sad prospect rises on my sight,  
Reveal'd in all its mournful shade and light.  
Swift thro' my pulses glides the kindling fire,  
As lightning glances on th' electric wire.  
But ah! the force of numbers strives in vain  
The glowing scene unequal to sustain.

But lo! at last, from tenfold darkness borne,  
Forth issues o'er the wave the weeping morn.  
Hail! sacred vision! who, on orient wing,  
The cheerful dawn of light propitious bring!  
All nature smiling hail'd the vivid ray,  
That gave her beauties to returning day:  
All but our ship, that, groaning on the tide,  
No kind relief, no gleam of hope descri'd.  
For now, in front, her trembling inmates see  
The hills of Greece emerging on the lee.  
So the lost lover views that fatal morn,  
On which, for ever from his bosom torn,  
The nymph ador'd resigns her blooming charms,  
To bleis with love some happier rival's arms;  
So to Eliza dawn'd that cruel day,  
That tore Æneas from her arms away;  
That saw him parting, never to return,  
Herself in funeral flames decreed to burn.  
O yet in clouds, thou genial source of light,  
Conceal thy radiant glories from our sight!  
Go, with thy smile adorn the happy plain,  
And gild the scenes where health and pleasure reign:  
But let not here, in scorn, thy wanton beam  
Insult the dreadful grandeur of my theme!

While shoreward now the bounding vessel flies,  
Full in her van St. George's cliffs arise:  
High o'er the rest a pointed crag is seen,  
That hung projecting o'er a mossy green.  
Nearer and nearer now the danger grows,  
And all their skill relentless fate oppose.  
For, while more eastward they direct the prow,  
Enormous waves the quivering deck o'erflow.

While, as she wheels, unable to subdue  
 Her sallies, still they dread her broaching-to.\*  
 Alarming thought! for now no more a-lee  
 Her riven side could bear the invading sea;  
 And if the following surge she scuds before,  
 Headlong she runs upon the dreadful shore;  
 A shore where shelves and hidden rocks abound,  
 Where death in secret ambush lurks around.  
 Far less dismay'd, Anchises wand'ring son  
 Was seen the straits of Sicily to thum;  
 When Palinurus from the helm desai'd  
 The rocks of Scylla on his eastern side;  
 While in the west, with hideous yawn disclos'd,  
 His onward path Charybdis' gulph oppos'd.  
 The double danger, as by turns he view'd,  
 His wheeling bark her arduous track pursu'd.  
 Thus, while to right and left destruction lies,  
 Between th' extremes the daring vessel lies.  
 With boundless involution, bursting o'er  
 The marble cliffs, loud dashing surges roar.  
 Hoarse thro' each winding creek the tempest raves,  
 And hollow rocks repeat the groan of waves.  
 Destruction round the insatiate coast prepares,  
 To crush the trembling ship unnumber'd snares.  
 But haply now she 'scapes the fatal strand,  
 Tho' scarce ten fathoms distant from the land.  
 Swift as the weapon issuing from the bow,  
 She cleaves the burning waters with her prow;  
 And forward leaping with tumultuous haste,  
 As on the tempest's wing, the isle she past.  
 With longing eyes and agony of mind,  
 The sailors view this refuge left behind;  
 Happy to bribe, with India's richest ore,  
 A safe accession to that barren shore!

When in the dark Peruvian mine confin'd,  
 Lost to the cheerful commerce of mankind,

\* Broaching to, is a sudden and involuntary movement in navigation when a ship, whilst scudding or sailing before the wind, unexpectedly turns her side to windward. It is generally occasioned by the disarrangement of steering her, or by some disaster happening to the machinery of helm. See the last note of the second Canto.

The groaning captive waites his life away,  
For ever exil'd from the realms of day ;  
Not equal pangs his bosom agonize,  
When far above the sacred light he eyes ;  
While, all-forlorn, the victim pines in vain  
For scenes he never shall possess again.

But now Athenian mountains they descry,  
And o'er the surge Colonna frowns on high.  
Beside the cape's projecting verge is plac'd  
A range of columns, long by time deslac'd ;  
First planted by devotion, to sustain,  
In elder times, Tritonia's sacred fane.  
Foams the wild beach below with mad'ning rage,  
Where waves and rocks a dreadful combat wage.  
The sickly heav'n, fermenting with its freight,  
Still vomits o'er the main the feverish weight :  
And now, while wing'd with ruin from on high,  
Thro' the rent cloud the raging lightnings fly,  
A flash, quick-glancing on the nerves of light,  
Struck the pale helmsman with eternal night :  
Rodmond, who heard a piteous groan behind,  
Touch'd with compassion, gaz'd upon the blind ;  
And, while around his sad companions croud,  
He guides th' unhappy victim to the shroud.  
Hie thee aloft, my gallant friend ! he cries ;  
'Thy only succour on the mast relies !  
'The helm, bereft of half its vital force,  
Now scarce subdu'd the wild unbridled course.  
Quick to th' abandon'd wheel Arion came,  
The ship's tempestuous sallies to reclaim :  
Amaz'd he saw her, o'er the sounding foam  
Upborne, to right and left distracted roam.  
So gaz'd young Phæton, with pale dismay,  
When mounted on the flaming car of day.  
With rash and impious hand, the stripling try'd  
Th' immortal coursers of the sun to guide.  
The vessel, while the dread event draws nigh,  
Seems more impatient o'er the waves to fly :  
Fate spurs her on. Thus issuing from afar,  
Advances to the sun some blazing star ;

And, as it feels th' attraction's kindling force,  
Springs onward with accelerated course.

With mournful look the seamen ey'd the strand,  
Where death's inexorable jaws expand.

Swift from their minds elaps'd all dangers past,  
As, dumb with terror, they beheld the last.

Now, on the trembling shrouds, before, behind,  
In mute suspense they mount into the wind.

The Genius of the deep, on rapid wing,  
The black eventful moment seem'd to bring.

The fatal Sisters, on the surge before,  
Yok'd their infernal horses to the prore.

The steerers now receiv'd their last command  
To wheel the vessel sidelong to the strand :

Twelve sailors, on the foremast who depend,  
High on the platform of the top ascend ;

Fatal retreat ! for while the plunging prow  
Immerges headlong in the wave below,

Down-press'd by wat'ry weight, the bowsprit bends,  
And from above the stem deep crashing rends.

Beneath her beak the floating ruins lie ;

The foremast totters, unsustain'd on high :

And now the ship, forelified by the sea,

Hurls the tall fabric backward o'er her lee ;

While, in the general wreck, the faithful stay  
Drags the main-topmast from its post away.

Flung from the mast, the seamen strive in vain

Thro' hostile floods their vessel to regain.

The waves they buffet, till bereft of strength,

O'erpower'd they yield to cruel fate at length ;

The hostile waters close around their head ;

They sink for ever, number'd with the dead !

Those who remain their fearful doom await,  
Nor longer mourn their lost companions' fate.

The heart that bleeds with sorrows all its own,  
Forgets the pangs of friendship to bemoan.

Albert, and Rodmond, and Palemon here,

With young Arion, on the mast appear ;

E'en they, amid th' unspeakable distress,

In every look distracting thoughts confess ;

In every vein the refluent blood congeals,  
And every bosom fatal terror feels.  
Enclos'd with all the demons of the main,  
They view'd th' adjacent shore, but view'd in vain.  
Such torments in the drear abodes of hell,  
Where sad despair laments with rueful yell,  
Such torments agonize the damned breast,  
While fancy views the mansions of the blest.  
For heaven's sweet help their suppliant cries implore;  
But heaven, relentless, deigns to help no more!

And now lash'd on by destiny severe,  
With horror fraught, the dreadful scene drew near!  
The ship hangs hovering on the verge of death;  
Hell yawns, rocks rise, and breakers roar beneath!  
In vain, alas! the sacred shades of yore  
Would arm the mind with philosophic lore;  
In vain they'd teach us, at the latest breath,  
To smile serene amid the pangs of death.  
E'en Zeno's self, and Epictetus old,  
This fell abyss had shudder'd to behold.  
Had Socrates, for godlike virtue fam'd,  
And wisest of the sons of men proclaim'd,  
Beheld this scene of frenzy and distress,  
His soul had trembled to its last recess!  
O yet confirm my heart, ye powers above,  
This last tremendous shock of fate to prove.  
The tottering frame of reason yet sustain!  
Nor let this total ruin whirl my brain!

In vain the cords and axes were prepar'd,  
For now th' audacious seas insult the yard;  
High o'er the ship they throw a horrid shade,  
And o'er her burst in terrible cascade.  
Uplifted on the surge to heaven she flies,  
Her shatter'd top half buried in the skies;  
Then headlong plunging thunders on the ground;  
Earth groans! air trembles! and the deeps resound!  
Her giant bulk the dread concussion feels,  
And, quivering with the wound, in torment, reels.  
She reels, convuls'd with agonizing throes,  
The bleeding hull beneath the murd'rer's blows.

Again she plunges ! hark ! a second shock  
Tears her strong bottom on the marble rock !  
Down on the vale of death, with dismal cries,  
The fated victims shuddering roll their eyes  
In wild despair ; while yet another stroke,  
With deep convulsion, rends the solid oak ;  
Till, like the mine, in whose infernal cell  
The lurking demons of destruction dwell,  
At length asunder torn her frame divides,  
And crashing spreads in ruins o'er the tides.

O were it mine with tuneful Maro's art  
To wake to sympathy the feeling heart ;  
Like him the smooth and mournful verse to dress  
In all the pomp of exquisite distress !  
Then, too severely taught by cruel fate  
To share in all the perils I relate,  
Then might I with unrivall'd strains deplore  
Th' impervious horrors of a leeward shore.  
As o'er the surge the stooping main-mast hung,  
Still on the rigging thirty seamen clung :  
Some, struggling, on a broken crag were cast,  
And there by oozy tangles grappled fast :  
Awhile they bore th' o'erwhelming billows' rage,  
Unequal combat with their fate to wage ;  
Till, all benumb'd and feeble, they forego  
Their slippery hold, and sink to shades below.  
Some, from the main-yard-arm impetuous thrown  
On marble ridges, die without a groan.  
Three with Palenion on their skill depend,  
And from the wreck on oars and rafts descend.  
Now on the mountain-wave on high they ride,  
Then downward plunge beneath th' involving tide  
Till one, who seems in agony to strive,  
The whirling breakers heaves on shore alive ;  
The rest a speedier end of anguish knew,  
And prest the stony beach, a lifeless crew !

Next, O unhappy Chief ! th' eternal doom  
Of heaven decreed thee to the briny tomb :  
What scenes of misery torment thy view !  
What painful struggles of thy dying crew !



Thy perish'd hopes all buried in the flood,  
O'erspread with corse! red with human blood!  
So pierc'd with anguish hoary Priam gaz'd,  
When Troy's imperial domes in ruin blaz'd,  
While he, severest sorrow doom'd to feel,  
Expir'd beneath the victor's murdering steel.  
Thus with his helpless partners till the last,  
Sad refuge! Albert hugs the floating mast;  
His soul could yet sustain the mortal blow,  
But droops, alas! beneath superior woe;  
For now soft nature's sympathetic chain  
Tugs at his yearning heart with powerful strain;  
His faithful wife for ever doom'd to mourn  
For him, alas! who never shall return;  
To black adversity's approach expos'd,  
With want and hardships unforeseen enclos'd;  
His lovely daughter left without a friend  
Her innocence to succour and defend;  
By youth and indigence set forth a prey  
To lawless guilt, that flatters to betray.  
While these reflections rack his feeling mind,  
Rodmond who hung beside, his grasp resign'd;  
And, as the tumbling waters o'er him roll'd,  
His out-stretch'd arms the master's legs enfold.  
Sad Albert feels the dissolution near,  
And strives in vain his fetter'd limbs to clear;  
For death bids every clinching joint adhere.  
All-faint to heaven he throws his dying eyes,  
And "O protect my wife and child!" he cries:  
The gushing streams roll back th' unfinished sound!  
He gasps! he dies! and tumbles to the ground!  
Five only left of all the perish'd throng,  
Yet ride the pine which shoreward drives along;  
With these Arion still his hold secures,  
And all th' assaults of hostile waves endures.  
O'er the dire prospect as for life he strives,  
He looks if poor Palemon yet survives.  
Ah wherefore, trusting to unequal art,  
Didst thou, incautious! from the wreck depart?

Alas ! these rocks all human skill defy,  
Who strikes them once beyond relief must die :  
And now, sore wounded, thou perhaps art tost  
On these, or in some oozy cavern lost.  
Thus thought Arion, anxious gazing round  
In vain, his eyes no more Palemon found.  
The demons of destruction hover nigh,  
And thick their mortal shafts commission'd fly.  
And now a breaking surge, with forceful sway,  
Two next Arion furious tears away.  
Hurl'd on the crags, behold, they gasp ! they bleed !  
And, groaning, cling upon th' illusive weed !  
Another billow bursts in boundless roar !  
Arion sinks ! and Memory views no more !

Ha ! total night and horror here preside !  
My stunn'd ear tingles to the whizzing tide !  
It is the funeral knell ! and, gliding near,  
Methinks the phantoms of the dead appear !

But lo ! emerging from the watery grave,  
Again they float incumbent on the wave !  
Again the dismal prospect opens round,  
The wreck, the shores, the dying and the drown'd !  
And see ! enfeebled by repeated shocks,  
Those two who scramble on th' adjacent rocks,  
Their faithless hold no longer can retain,  
They sink o'erwhelm'd, and never rise again !

Two with Arion yet the mast upbore,  
That now above the ridges reach'd the shore :  
Still trembling to descend, they downward gaze  
With horror pale, and torpid with amaze :  
The floods recoil ! the ground appears below !  
And life's faint embers now rekindling glow :  
Awhile they wait th' exhausted wave's retreat,  
Then climb slow up the beach with hands and feet.  
O heaven ! deliver'd by whose sovereign hand,  
Still on the brink of hell they shuddering stand,  
Receive the languid incense they bestow,  
That damp with death appears not yet to glow.  
To thee each soul the warm oblation pays,  
With trembling ardour, of unequal praise ;

In every heart dismay with wonder strives,  
And Hope the sicken'd spark of life revives :  
Her magic powers their exil'd health restore,  
Till horror and despair are felt no more.

A troop of Grecians, who inhabit nigh,  
And oft these perils of the deep descry,  
Rous'd by the blustering tempest of the night,  
Anxious had climb'd Colonna's neighbouring height ;  
When gazing downward on th' adjacent flood,  
Full to their view the scene of ruin stood ;  
The surf with mangled bodies strew'd around,  
And those yet breathing on the sea-wash'd ground !  
Tho' lost to science and the nobler arts,  
Yet nature's lore inform'd their feeling hearts :  
Strait down the vale with hast'ning steps they hy'd,  
Th' unhappy sufferers to assist and guide.

Mean while those three escap'd beneath explore  
The first advent'rous youth who reach'd the shore ;  
Panting, with eyes averted from the day,  
Prone, helpless, on the tangly beach he lay—  
It is Palemon !—Oh ! what tumults roll  
With hope and terror in Arion's soul !  
If yet unhurt he lives again to view  
His friend, and this sole remnant of our crew !  
With us to travel thro' this foreign zone,  
And share the future good or ill unknown.  
Arion thus ; but ah ! sad doom of fate !  
That bleeding Memory sorrows to relate,  
While yet afloat on some resisting rock,  
His ribs were dash'd, and fractur'd with the shock :  
Heart-piercing sight ! those cheeks so late array'd  
In beauty's bloom, are pale with mortal shade !  
Distilling blood his lovely breast o'erspread,  
And clogg'd the golden tresses of his head !  
Nor yet the lungs by this pernicious stroke  
Were wounded, or the vocal organs broke.  
Down from his neck, with blazing gems array'd,  
Thy image, lovely Anna ! hung pourtray'd ;  
Th' unconscious figure, smiling all serene,  
Suspended in a golden chain was seen,

Hadst thou, soft maiden ! in this hour of woe,  
Beheld him writhing from the deadly blow,  
What force of art, what language could express  
Thine agony ? thine exquisite distress ?  
But thou, alas ! art doom'd to weep in vain  
For him thine eyes shall never see again !  
With dumb amazement pale, Arion gaz'd,  
And cautiously the wounded youth uprais'd :  
Palemon then, with cruel pangs oppress'd,  
In faltering accents thus his friend address'd :

“ O rescu'd from destruction late so nigh,  
Beneath whose fatal influence doom'd I lie ;  
Are we then exil'd to this last retreat  
Of life, unhappy ! thus decreed to meet ?  
Ah ! how unlike what yester-morn enjoy'd,  
Enchanting hopes, for ever now destroy'd !  
For, wounded far beyond all healing power,  
Palemon dies, and this his final hour ;  
By those fell breakers, where in vain I strove,  
At once cut off from fortune, life and love !  
Far other scenes must soon present my sight,  
That lie deep-buried yet in tenfold night.  
Ah ! wretched father of a wretched son,  
Whom thy paternal prudence has undone !  
How will remembrance of this blinded care  
Bend down thy head with anguish and despair !  
Such dire effects from avarice arise,  
That, deaf to nature's voice, and vainly wise,  
With force severe endeavours to controul  
The noblest passions that inspire the soul.  
But O, thou sacred Power ! whose law connects  
Th' eternal chain of causes and effects,  
Let not thy chastening ministers of rage  
Afflict with sharp remorse his feeble age !  
And you, Arion ! who with these, the last  
Of all our crew, survive the shipwreck past,  
Ah ! cease to mourn ! those friendly tears restrain !  
Nor give my dying moments keener pain !  
Since heaven may soon thy wandering steps restore,  
When parted hence, to England's distant shore ;

Shouldst thou, th' unwilling messenger of fate,  
 To him the tragic story first relate,  
 Oh! Friendship's generous ardour then suppress!  
 Nor hint the fatal cause of my distress:  
 Nor let each horrid incident sustain  
 The lengthen'd tale to aggravate his pain.  
 Ah! then remember well my last request  
 For her who reigns for ever in my breast;  
 Yet let him prove a father and a friend,  
 The helpless maid to succour and defend.  
 Say, I this suit implor'd with parting breath,  
 So heaven befriend him at his hour of death!  
 But oh! to lovely Anna should'st thou tell  
 What dire untimely end thy friend betel,  
 Draw o'er the dismal scene soft pity's veil,  
 And lightly touch the lamentable tale;  
 Say that my love, inviolably true,  
 No change, no diminution ever knew;  
 Lo! her bright image, pendent on my neck,  
 Is all Palamon rescu'd from the wreck;  
 Take it and say, when panting in the wave,  
 I struggled, life and this alone to save!

“ My soul, that fluttering hastens to be free,  
 Would yet a train of thoughts impart to thee,  
 But strives in vain! the chilling ice of death  
 Congeals my blood, and choaks the stream of breath:  
 Resign'd she quits her comfortless abode,  
 To course that long, unknown, eternal road.  
 O sacred Source of ever-living light!  
 Conduct the weary wanderer in her flight!  
 Direct her onward to that peaceful shore,  
 Where peril, pain and death are felt no more!

“ When thou some tale of hapless love shalt hear,  
 That steals from pity's eye the melting tear,  
 Of two chaste hearts, by mutual passion join'd,  
 To abience, sorrow and despair consign'd,  
 Oh! then, to swell the tides of social woe,  
 That heal the afflicted bosom they o'erflow,  
 While memory dictates, this sad Shipwreck tell,  
 And what distress thy wretched friend betel!

Then, while in streams of soft compassion drown'd,  
The swains lament, and maidens weep around;  
While lisping children, touch'd with infant fear,  
With wonder gaze, and drop th' unconscious tear;  
Oh! then this moral bid their souls retain,  
"All thoughts of happiness on earth are vain!"

The last faint accents trembled on his tongue,  
That now inactive to the palate clung;  
His bosom heaves a mortal groan—he dies!  
And shades eternal sink upon his eyes!

As thus defac'd in death Palemon lay,  
Arion gaz'd upon the lifeless clay;  
Transfix'd he stood, with awful terror fill'd,  
While down his cheek the silent drops distill'd.

Oh, ill-star'd vot'ry of unspotted truth!  
Untimely perish'd in the bloom of youth,  
Should e'er thy friend arrive on Albion's land,  
He will obey, tho' painful, thy demand:  
His tongue the dreadful story shall display,  
And all the horrors of this dismal day!  
Disastrous day! what ruin hast thou bred!  
What anguish to the living and the dead!  
How hast thou left the widow all forlorn,  
And ever doom'd the orphan child to mourn;  
Thro' life's sad journey hopeless to complain!  
Can sacred justice those events ordain?  
But, O my soul! avoid that wond'rous maze,  
Where reason, lost in endless error, strays!  
As thro' this thorny vale of life we run,  
Great Cause of all effects, "Thy will be done!"

Now had the Grecians on the beach arriv'd,  
To aid the helpless few who yet surviv'd:  
While passing they behold the waves o'erspread  
With shatter'd rafts and corsees of the dead;  
Three still alive, benumb'd and faint they find,  
In mournful silence on a rock reclin'd.  
The generous natives mov'd with social pain,  
The feeble strangers in their arms sustain:  
With pitying sighs their hapless lot deplore,  
And lead them trembling from the fatal shore.

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## OCCASIONAL ELEGY.

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THE scene of death is clos'd, the mournful strains  
Dissolve in dying langour on the ear :  
Yet pity weeps, yet sympathy complains,  
And dumb suspense awaits o'erwhelm'd with fear.  
But the sad Muses, with prophetic eye,  
At once the future and the past explore !  
Their harps oblivion's influence can defy,  
And waft the spirit to th' eternal shore.  
Then, O Palemon ! if thy shade can hear  
The voice of Friendship still lament thy doom ;  
Yet to the sad oblations bend thine ear,  
That rise in vocal incense o'er thy tomb.  
In vain, alas ! the gentle maid shall weep,  
While secret anguish nips her vital bloom ;  
O'er her soft frame shall stern diseases creep,  
And give the lovely victim to the tomb.  
Relentless phrenzy shall the Father sting,  
Untaught in Virtue's school distress to bear ;  
Severe remorse his tortur'd soul shall wring ;  
'Tis his to groan and perish in despair.  
Ye lost companions of distress, adieu !  
Your toils, and pains, and dangers are no more !  
The tempest now shall howl unheard by you,  
While ocean smites in vain the trembling shore.  
On you, the blast, furcharg'd with rain and snow,  
In winter's dismal nights no more shall beat :  
Unfelt by you the vertic sun may glow,  
And scorch the panting earth with baneful heat.  
No more the joyful maid, the sprightly strain,  
Shall wake the dance to give you welcome home ;  
Nor hopeless Love impart undying pain,  
When far from scenes of social joy you roam.

No more on yon' wide wat'ry waste you stray,  
While hunger and disease your life consume;  
While parching thirst, that burns without allay,  
Forbids the blasted rose of health to bloom.

No more you feel Contagion's mortal breath,  
That taints the realms with misery severe;  
No more behold pale Famine, scattering death,  
With cruel ravage desolate the year.

The thund'ring drum, the trumpet's swelling strain  
Unheard, shall form the long embattled line:  
Unheard, the deep foundations of the main  
Shall tremble when the hostile squadrons join.

Since grief, fatigue and hazards still molest  
The wand'ring vassals of the faithless deep,  
Oh! happier now escape to endless rest,  
Than we who still survive to wake and weep.

What tho' no funeral pomp, no borrow'd tear,  
Your hour of death to gazing crowds shall tell;  
Nor weeping friends attend your sable bier,  
Who sadly listen to the passing bell.

The tutor'd sigh, the vain parade of woe,  
No real anguish to the soul impart;  
And oft', alas! the tears, that friends bestow,  
Belie the latent feelings of the heart.

What tho' no sculpter'd pile your name displays  
Like those who perish in their country's cause!  
What tho' no epic Muse in living lays  
Record your dreadful daring with applause!

Full oft' the flattering marble bids renown  
With blazon'd trophies deck the spotted name;  
And oft', too oft', the venal Muses crown  
The slaves of vice with never-dying fame.

Yet shall Remembrance from Oblivion's veil  
Relieve your scene, and sigh with grief sincere;  
And soft compassion at your tragic tale  
In silent tribute pay her kindred tear.



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## POEMS.

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### A POEM,

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS  
*FREDERIC PRINCE OF WALES.*

FROM the big horror of war's hoarse alarms,  
And the tremendous clang of clashing arms,  
Descend, my muse ! a deeper scene to draw  
A scene will hold the list'ning world in awe \*)  
Is my intent : Melpomene inspire,  
While, with sad notes, I strike the trembling lyre !  
And may my lines with easy motion flow,  
Melt as they move, and fill each heart with woe :  
Big with the sorrow it describes, my song,  
In solemn pomp, majestic, move along.

Oh ! bear me to some awful silent glade  
Where cedars form an unremitting shade ;  
Where never track of human feet was known ;  
Where never cheerful light of Phœbus shone ;  
Where chirping linnets warble tales of love,  
And hoarser winds howl murmur'ing through the grove ;  
Where some unhappy wretch aye mourns his doom,  
Deep melancholy wand'ring through the gloom ;  
Where solitude and meditation roam,  
And where no dawning glimpse of hope can come :  
Place me in such an unfrequented shade,  
To speak to none but with the mighty dead ;  
T' assist the pouring rains with brimful eyes,  
And aid hoarse howling Boreas with my sighs.

When winter's horrors left Britannia's isle,  
And spring in blooming verdure 'gan to smile ;  
When rills unbound began to purr along,  
And warbling larks renew'd the vernal song ;  
When sprouting roses, deck'd in crimson dye,  
Began to bloom—————

Hard fate ! then, noble Fred'ric, didst thou die :

\* By awe, here, is meant attention.

Doom'd by inexorable fate's decree,  
 Th' approaching summer ne'er on earth to see :  
 In thy parch'd vitals burning fevers rage,  
 Whose flame the virtue of no herbs assuage ;  
 No cooling medicine can its heat allay,  
 Relentless destiny cries, " No delay."  
 Ye pow'rs ! and must a prince so noble die ?  
 ( Whose equal breathes not under th' ambient sky : )  
 Ah ! must he die, then, in youth's full-bloom prime,  
 Cut by the fytie of all-devouring time ?  
 Yes, fate has doom'd ! his soul now leaves his weight,  
 And all are under the decree of fate ;  
 Th' irrevocable doom of destiny  
 Pronounc'd, All mortals must submissive die.  
 The princes wait around with weeping eyes,  
 And the dome echoes all with piercing cries :  
 With doleful noise the matrons scream around,  
 With female shrieks the vaulted roofs rebound :  
 A dismal noise ! Now one promiscuous roar  
 Cries, " Ah ! the noble Fred'ric is no more !"  
 The chief reluctant yields his latest breath ;  
 His eye-lids settle in the shades of death :  
 Dark sable shades present before each eye,  
 And the deep vast abyss, eternity !  
 Through perpetuity's expanse he springs ;  
 And o'er the vast profound he shoots on wings :  
 The soul to distant regions steers her flight,  
 And sails incumbent on inferior night :  
 With vast celerity she shoots away,  
 And meets the regions of eternal day,  
 To shine for ever in the heavenly birth,  
 And leave the body here to rot on earth.  
 The melancholy patriots round it wait,  
 And mourn the royal hero's timeless fate.  
 Disconsolate they move, a mournful band !  
 In mournful pomp they march along the strand :  
 The noble chief interr'd in youthful bloom,  
 Lies in the dreary regions of the tomb.

Adown Augusta's pallid visage flow  
 The living pearls, with unaffected woe ;

Discons'late, hapless, see pale Britain mourn,  
 Abandon'd isle ! forsaken and forlorn !  
 With desprate hands her bleeding breasts she beats ;  
 While o'er her, frowning, grim destruction threatens,  
 She mourns with heart-felt grief, she rends her hair,  
 And fills with piercing cries the echoing air.  
 Well may'st thou mourn thy patriot's timeless end,  
 Thy muses' patron, and thy merchants' friend.  
 What heart shall pity thy full-flowing grief ?  
 What hand now deign to give thy poor relief ?  
 To encourage arts, whose bounty now shall flow,  
 And learned science to promote, bestow ?  
 Who now protect thee from the hostile frown,  
 And to the injur'd just return his own ?  
 From us'ry and oppression who shall guard  
 The helpless, and the threat'ning ruin ward ?  
 Alas ! the truly noble Briton's gone,  
 And left us here in ceaseless woe to moan !  
 Impending desolation hangs around,  
 And ruin hovers o'er the trembling ground :  
 The blooming spring droops her enamell'd head,  
 Her glories wither, and her flow'rs all fade :  
 The sprouting leaves already drop away !  
 Languish the living herbs with pale decay :  
 The blowing trees, see ! o'er the blasted heath,  
 Depending, bend beneath the weight of death :  
 Wrapp'd in the expansive gloom, the lightnings play,  
 Hoarse thunder mutters through the aërial way :  
 All nature feels the jars, the storms renew,  
 And grows, with fatal haste, the baleful yew.  
 Some pow'r avert the threat'ning horrid weight,  
 And, godlike, prop Britannia's sinking state !  
 Minerva, hover o'er young George's soul ;  
 May sacred wisdom all his deeds controul !  
 Exalted grandeur in each action shine,  
 His conduct all declare the youth divine.  
 Methinks I see him shine a glorious star,  
 Gentle in peace, but terrible in war !  
 Methinks each region does his praise resound,  
 And nations tremble at his name around !

His fame, through ev'ry distant kingdom rung,  
 Proclaims him of the race from whence he sprung:  
 So sable smoke, in volumes curls on high,  
 Heaps roll on heaps, and blacken all the sky:  
 Already so, his fame, methinks, is hurl'd  
 Around th' admiring, venerating world.  
 So the benighted wand'rer on his way,  
 Laments the absence of all cheering day;  
 Far distant from his friends and native home,  
 And not one glimpse does glimmer through the gloom:  
 In thought he breathes, each sigh his latest breath,  
 Present, each meditation, pits of death:  
 Irreg'lar, wild chimeras fill his soul,  
 And death, and dying, every step controul:  
 Till from the east there breaks a purple gleam,  
 His fears then vanish as a fleeting dream;  
 Hid in a cloud the sun first shoots his ray,  
 Then breaks effulgent on th' illumin'd day;  
 We see no spot then in the flaming rays,  
 Confus'd and lost within th' excessive blaze.

## ODE

ON THE DUKE OF YORK'S SECOND DEPARTURE FROM  
 ENGLAND AS REAR-ADMIRAL.

*Written aboard the Royal George.*

AGAIN the royal streamers play!  
 To glory Edward hastes away:  
 Adieu, ye happy sylvan bowers,  
 Where pleasure's sprightly throng await!  
 Ye domes, where regal grandeur towers  
 In purple ornaments of state!  
 Ye scenes where virtue's sacred strain  
 Bids the tragic muse complain!  
 Where satire treads the comic stage,  
 To scourge and mend a venal age;  
 Where music pours the soft, melodious lay,  
 And melting symphonies congenial play!  
 Ye silken sons of ease, who dwell  
 In flowery vales of peace, farewell!

In vain the goddess of the myrtle grove  
 Her charms ineffable displays ;  
 In vain she calls to happier realms of love,  
 Which spring's unfading bloom arrays :  
 In vain her living roses blow,  
 And ever-vernal pleasures grow ;  
 The gentle sports of youth no more  
 Allure him to the peaceful shore :  
 Arcadian ease no longer charms,  
 For war and fame alone can please ;  
 His throbbing bosom beats to arms, [seas.  
 To war the hero moves, through storms and wintry

## CHORUS.

The gentle sports of youth no more  
 Allure him to the peaceful shore,  
 For war and fame alone can please ; [seas.  
 To war the hero moves, through storms and wintry  
 Though danger's hostile train appears  
 To thwart the course that honour steers ;  
 Unmov'd he leads the rugged way,  
 Despising peril and dismay :  
 His country calls ; to guard her laws,  
 Lo ! every joy the gallant youth resigns ;  
 Th' avenging naval sword he draws,  
 And o'er the waves conducts her martial lines :  
 Hark ! his sprightly clarions play ;  
 Follow where he leads the way !  
 The piercing fife, the sounding drum,  
 Tell the deeps their master's come.

## CHORUS.

Hark ! his sprightly clarions play ;  
 Follow where he leads the way !  
 The piercing fife, the sounding drum,  
 Tell the deeps their master's come.

Thus Alcmena's warlike son  
 The thorny coast of virtue run  
 When, taught by her unerring voice,  
 He made the glorious choice :

Severe, indeed, th' attempt he knew,  
 Youth's genial ardours to subdue :  
 For pleasure Venus' lovely form assum'd ;  
 Her glowing charms divinely bright,  
 In all the pride of beauty bloom'd,  
 And struck his ravish'd sight.  
     Transfix'd, amaz'd,  
     Alcides gaz'd :  
     Enchanting grace  
     Adorn'd her face,  
 And all his changing looks confess  
 Th' alternate passions in his breast :  
 Her swelling bosom half reveal'd ;  
 Her eyes that kindling raptures fir'd,  
 A thousand tender pains instill'd,  
 A thousand flatt'ring thoughts inspir'd :  
 Persuasion's sweetest language hung  
 In melting accent on her tongue :  
 Deep in his heart the winning tale  
     Infus'd a magic power ;  
 She prest him to the rosy vale,  
     And show'd the Elysian bower :  
 Her hand, that trembling ardours move,  
 Conducts him blushing to the blest alcove :  
 Ah ! see, o'erpower'd by beauty's charms,  
 And won by love's resistless arms,  
 The captive yields to nature's soft alarms !

## CHORUS.

Ah ! see, o'erpower'd by beauty's charms,  
 And won by love's resistless arms,  
 The captive yields to nature's soft alarms !

Assist ye guardian powers above ?  
 From ruin save the son of Jove !  
 By heavenly mandate virtue came,  
     And check'd the fatal flame ;  
 Swift as the quivering needle wheels,  
 Whose point the magnet's influence feels.

Inspir'd with awe,  
 He turning saw  
 The nymph divine  
 Transcendent shine ;

And, while he view'd the godlike maid,  
 His heart a sacred impulse sway'd :  
 His eyes with ardent motion roll,  
 And love, regret, and hope; divide his soul.  
 But soon her words his pain destroy,  
 And all the numbers of his heart,  
 Return'd by her celestial art,  
 Now swell'd to strains of nobler joy.  
 Instructed thus by virtue's lore,  
 His happy steps the realm explore  
 Where guilt and error are no more :  
 The clouds that veil'd his intellectual ray,  
 Before her breath dispelling, melt away :  
 Broke loose from pleasure's glittering chain,  
 He scorn'd her soft inglorious reign :  
 Convinc'd, resolv'd, to virtue then he turn'd,  
 And in his breast paternal glory burn'd.

## CHORUS.

Broke loose from pleasure's glittering chain,  
 He scorn'd the soft inglorious reign :  
 Convinc'd, resolv'd, to virtue then he turn'd,  
 And in his breast paternal glory burn'd.  
 So when on Britain's other hope she shone,  
 Like him the royal youth she won :  
 Thus taught, he bids his fleet advance  
 To curb the power of Spain and France :  
 Aloft his martial ensigns flow,  
 And hark ! his brazen trumpets blow !  
 The wat'ry profound,  
 Awak'd by the sound,  
 All trembles around :  
 While Edward o'er the azure fields  
 Fraternal wonder wields :  
 High on the deck around he stands,  
 And views around his floating bands  
 In awful order join :

They, while the warlike trumpet's strain,  
 Deep sounding, swells along the main,  
 Extend the embattled line.  
 Then Britain triumphantly saw  
 His armament ride  
 Supreme on the tide,  
 And o'er the vast ocean give law.

## CHORUS.

Then Britain triumphantly saw  
 His armament ride  
 Supreme on the tide,  
 And o'er the vast ocean give law.

Now with shouting peals of joy,  
 The ships their horrid tubes display,  
 Tier over tier in terrible array,  
 And wait the signal to destroy:  
 The sailors all burn to engage:  
 Hark! hark! their shouts arise,  
 And shake the vaulted skies!  
 Exulting with Bacchanal rage.  
 Then, Neptune, the hero reverence,  
 Whose power is superior to thine!  
 And when his proud squadrons appear,  
 The trident and chariot resign!

## CHORUS.

Then, Neptune, the hero reverence,  
 Whose power is superior to thine!  
 And when his proud squadrons appear,  
 The trident and chariot resign!

Albion, wake thy grateful voice!  
 Let thy hills and vales rejoice:  
 O'er remotest hostile regions  
 Thy victorious flags are known;  
 Thy resistless martial legions  
 Dreadful move from zone to zone;  
 Thy flaming bolts unerring roll,  
 And all the trembling globe controul:



Thy seamen, invincibly true,  
 No menace, no fraud, can subdue :  
 To thy great trust  
 Severely just,  
 All dissonant strife they disclaim :  
     To meet the foe  
     Their bosoms glow,  
 Who only are rivals in fame.

## CHORUS.

Thy seamen, invincibly true,  
 No menace, no fraud, can subdue :  
 All dissonant strife they disclaim,  
 And only are rivals in fame.  
 For Edward tune your hearts ye nine !  
     Triumphant strike each living string ;  
 For him in ecstasy divine,  
     Your choral Io Pæans sing !  
 For him your festive concerts breathe !  
 For him your flowery garlands wreath !  
     Wake ! O wake the joyful song !  
     Ye fauns of the woods,  
     Ye nymphs of the floods,  
     The musical current prolong !  
 Ye sylvens that dance on the plain,  
     To swell the grand chorus accord !  
 Ye Tritons, that sport on the main,  
     Exulting, acknowledge your lord !  
 Till all the wild numbers combin'd,  
     That floating proclaim  
     Our admiral's name,  
 In symphony roll on the wind ?

## CHORUS.

Wake ! O wake the joyful song !  
 Ye sylvens, that dance on the plain,  
 Ye Tritons, that sport on the main,  
 The musical current prolong !  
 O ! while consenting Britons praise,  
     Those votive measures design to hear ;

For thee the muse awakes her lays,  
 For thee th' unequal viol plays,  
 The tribute of a soul sincere.  
 Nor thou illustrious chief ! refuse  
 The incense of a nautic muse !  
 For ah ! to whom shall Neptune's sons complain,  
 But him whose arms unrivall'd rule the main ?  
 Deep on my grateful breast  
 Thy favour is imprest ;  
 No happy son of wealth or fame  
 'To court a royal patron came !  
 A hapless youth, whose vital page  
 Was one sad lengthen'd tale of woe,  
 Where ruthless fate, impelling tides of rage,  
 Bade wave on wave in dire succession flow,  
 To glittering stars and titled names unknown,  
 Prefer'd his suit to thee alone.  
 The tale your sacred pity mov'd ;  
 You felt, consented, and approv'd.  
 Then touch my strings, ye blest Pierian quire !  
 Exalt to rapture every happy line !  
 My bosom kindle with Promethean fire !  
 And swell each note with energy divine ;  
 No more to plaintive sounds of woe  
 Let the vocal numbers flow !  
 Perhaps the chief to whom I sing  
 May yet ordain auspicious days,  
 To wake the lyre with nobler lays,  
 And tune to war the nervous string.  
 Though all the powers of genius he possess,  
 For who, untaught in Neptune's school,  
 Though disciplin'd by classic rule,  
 With daring pencil can display  
 The fight that thunders on the watery way,  
 And all its horrid incidents express ?  
 To him, my muse, these warlike strains belong !  
 Source of my hope, and patron of my song.

## CHORUS.

To him, my muse, these warlike strains belong !  
 Source of my hope, and patron of thy song.

## THE FOND LOVER,

## A BALLAD.

A NYMPH of ev'ry charm possess'd,  
That native virtue gives,  
Within my bosom all-confess'd,  
In bright idea lives.  
For her my trembling numbers play  
Along the pathless deep,  
While sadly social with my lay  
The winds in concert weep.

If beauty's sacred influence charms  
The rage of adverse fate,  
Say why the pleasing soft alarms  
Such cruel pangs create ?  
Since all her thoughts, by sense refin'd,  
Unartful truth express,  
Say wherefore sense and truth are join'd  
To give my soul distress ?

If when her blooming lips I press,  
Which vernal fragrance fills,  
Through all my veins the sweet excess  
In trembling motion thrills ;  
Say whence this secret anguish grows,  
Congenial with my joy ?  
And why the touch, where pleasure grows,  
Should vital peace destroy ?

If when my fair, in melting song,  
Awakes the vocal lay,  
Not all your notes, ye Phocian throng,  
Such pleasing sounds convey ;  
Thus wrapt all o'er with fondest love,  
Why heaves this broken sigh ?  
For then my blood forgets to move ;  
I gaze, adore, and die.

Accept, my charming maid, the strain  
 Which you alone inspire ;  
 To thee the dying strings complain  
 That quiver on my lyre.  
 O ! give this bleeding bosom ease,  
 That knows no joy but thee ;  
 Teach me thy happy art to please,  
 Or deign to love like me.

## AN

## ADDRESS TO MIRANDA.

THE smiling plains, profusely gay,  
 Are dress'd in all the pride of May ;  
 The birds on ev'ry spray above  
 To rapture wake the vocal grove.

But ah ! Miranda ! without thee,  
 Nor spring nor summer smiles on me :  
 All lonely in the secret shade  
 I mourn thy absence, charming maid !

O soft as love ! as honour fair !  
 Serenely sweet as vernal air !  
 Come to my arms ; for you alone  
 Can all my absence past atone.

O come ! and to my bleeding heart  
 Thy sovereign balm of love impart ;  
 Thy presence lasting joy shall bring,  
 And give the year eternal spring !

## THE DEMAGOGUE.

OLD is the attempt in these licentious times,  
 When with such towering strides sedition climbs,  
 With sense or satire to confront her power,  
 And charge her in the great decisive hour :  
 Bold is the man, who, on her conquering day,  
 Stands in the pass of fate to bar her way :  
 Whose heart, by frowning arrogance unaw'd,  
 For the deep-lurking snares of specious fraud,  
 The threats of giant-faction can deride,  
 And stem, with stubborn arm, her roaring tide.  
 For him unnumber'd brooding ills await ;  
 Scorn, malice, insolence, reproach, and hate :  
 At him, who dares this legion to defy,  
 A thousand mortal shafts in secret fly :  
 Revenge, exulting with malignant joy,  
 Pursues the incautious victim to destroy :  
 And slander strives, with unrelenting aim,  
 To spit her blasting venom on his name :  
 Around him faction's harpies flap their wings,  
 And rhyming vermin dart their feeble stings :  
 In vain the wretch retreats, while, in full cry,  
 Pierce on his throat the hungry blood-hounds fly.  
 Enclos'd with perils thus the conscious muse,  
 Alarm'd, though undisarm'd, her danger views.  
 For shall unmanly terror now controul  
 The strong resentment struggling in her soul,  
 While indignation, with resistless strain,  
 Pours her full deluge through each swelling vein,  
 By the vile fear that chills the coward breast,  
 By sordid caution is her voice suppress'd,  
 While arrogance, with big theatric rage,  
 Audacious struts on power's imperial stage ;  
 While o'er our country, at her dread command,  
 Black discord, screaming, shakes her fatal brand :  
 While, in defiance of maternal laws,  
 The sacrilegious sword rebellion draws ;  
 Shall she at this important hour retire,  
 And quench in Lethe's wave her genuine fire ?

Honour forbid ! she fears no threat'ning foe,  
 When conscious justice bids her bosom glow :  
 And while *she* kindles the reluctant flame,  
 Let not the prudent voice of friendship blame !  
 She feels the sting of keen resentment goad,  
 Though guiltless yet of satire's thorny road.  
 Let other Quixotes, frantic with renown,  
 Plant on their brow a tawdry paper crown !  
 While fools adore, and vassal-bards obey,  
 Let the great Monarch A's through Gotham bray !  
 Our poet brandishes no mimic sword,  
 To rule a realm of dunces self-explor'd :  
 No bleeding victims curse his iron sway ;  
 Nor murder'd reputation marks his way.  
 True to herself, unarm'd, the fearless muse  
 Through reason's path her steady course pursues ;  
 True to herself, advances, undeterr'd  
 By the rude clamours of the savage herd,  
 As some bold surgeon, with inserted steel,  
 Probes deep the putrid sore, intent to heal ;  
 So the rank ulcers that our Patriot load,  
 Shall she with caustic's healing fires corrode.

Yet ere from patient slumber satire wakes,  
 And brandishes th' avenging scourge of snakes ;  
 Yet ere her eyes, with lightning's vivid ray,  
 The dark recesses of his heart display ;  
 Let candour own th' undaunted pilot's power,  
 Felt in severest danger's trying hour !  
 Let truth consenting, with the trump of fame,  
 His glory, in auspicious strains, proclaim !  
 He bade the tempest of the battle roar,  
 That thunder'd o'er the deep from shore to shore.  
 How oft, amid the horrors of the war,  
 Chain'd to the bloody wheels of danger's car,  
 How oft my bosom at thy name has glow'd,  
 And from my beating heart applause bestow'd ;  
 Applause, that, genuine as the blush of youth,  
 Unknown to guile, was sanctify'd by truth !  
 How oft I blest the Patriot's honest rage,  
 That greatly dar'd to lash the guilty age ;

That, rapt with zeal, pathetic, bold, and strong,  
Roll'd the full tide of eloquence along ;  
That power's big torrent brav'd with manly pride,  
And all corruption's venal arts defy'd !  
When from afar those penetrating eyes  
Beheld each secret hostile scheme arise ;  
Watch'd every motion of the faithless foe,  
Each plot o'erturn'd, and baffled every blow :  
A fond enthusiast, kindling at thy name,  
I glow'd in secret with congenial flame ;  
While my young bosom, to deceit unknown,  
Believ'd all real virtue thine alone.

Such then he seem'd, and such indeed might be,  
If truth with error ever could agree !  
Sure satire never with a fairer hand  
Pourtray'd the object she design'd to brand.  
Alas ! that virtue should so soon decay,  
And faction's wild applause thy heart betray !  
The muse with secret sympathy relents,  
And human failings, as a friend, laments .  
But when those dangerous errors, big with fate,  
Spread discord and distraction through the state,  
Reason should then exert her utmost power  
To guard our passions in that fatal hour.

There was a time, ere yet his conscious heart  
Durst from the hardy path of truth depart,  
While yet with generous sentiment it glow'd,  
A stranger to corruption's slippery road ;  
There was a time our Patriot durst avow  
Those honest maxims he despises now.  
How did he then his country's wounds bewail,  
And at the insatiate German vulture rail !  
Whose cruel talons Albion's entrails tore,  
Whose hungry maw was glutted with her gore !  
The mists of error, that in darkness held  
Our reason, like the sun, his voice dispell'd.  
And lo ! exhausted, with no power to save,  
We view Britannia panting on the wave ;  
Hung round her neck, a millstone's ponderous weight  
Drops down the struggling victim to her fate !

While horror at the thought our bosom feels,  
We bless the man this horror who reveals.

'But what alarming thoughts the heart amaze,  
When on this Janus' other face we gaze ;  
For, lo ! possess'd of power's imperial reins,  
Our chief those visionary ills disdains !  
Alas ! how soon the steady Patriot turns !  
In vain this change astonish'd England mourns !  
Her vital blood, that pour'd from every vein,  
Solate, to fill th' accurs'd Westphalian drain,  
'Then ceas'd to flow ; the vulture now no more  
With unrelenting rage her bowels tore.  
His magic rod transforms the bird of prey !  
The millstone feels the touch, and melts away !  
And, strange to tell, still stranger to believe,  
What eyes ne'er saw, and heart could ne'er conceive,  
At once, transplanted by the sorcerer's wand,  
Columbian hills in distant Austria stand !  
America, with pangs before unknown,  
Now with Westphalia utters groan for groan :  
By sympathy she fevers with her fires,  
Burns as she burns, and as she dies expires.

From maxims long adopted thus he flew,  
For ever changing, yet for ever true :  
Sworn with success, and with applause inflam'd,  
He scorn'd all caution, all advice disclaim'd ;  
Arm'd with war's thunder, he embrac'd no more  
Those patriot principles maintain'd before.  
Perverse, inconstant, obstinate, and proud,  
Drunk with ambition, turbulent, and loud,  
He wrecks us headlong on that dreadful strand  
He once devoted all his powers to brand !

Our hapless country views with weeping eyes  
On every side o'erwhelming horrors rise ;  
Drain'd of her wealth, exhausted of her power,  
And agoniz'd as in the mortal hour ;  
Her armies wasted with incessant toils,  
Or doom'd to perish in contagious soils,  
'To guard some needy royal plunderer's throne,  
And sent to fall in battles not their own.



Th' enormous debt at home, though long o'ercharg'd,  
 With grievous burdens annually enlarg'd :  
 Crush'd with increasing taxes to the ground,  
 That suck like vampires every bleeding wound :  
 Ground with severe distress th' industrious poor,  
 Driven by the ruthless landlord to the door.

While thus our land her hapless fate bemoans  
 In secret, and with inward sorrow groans ;  
 Though deck'd with tinsel trophies of renown,  
 All gash'd with sores, with anguish bending down,  
 Can yet some impious parricide appear,  
 Who strives to make this anguish more severe ?  
 Can one exist, so much his country's foe,  
 To bid her wounds with fresh effusion flow ?

There can ; to him in vain she lifts her eyes,  
 His soul relentless hears her piercing sighs !  
 He hampers her of front, impatient of controul,  
 He spurs her onward to destruction's goal !  
 For yet content on curst Westphalia's shore  
 With mad profusion to exhaust her store,  
 Till peace his pompous fulminations brand,  
 As pirates tremble at the sight of land :  
 Till to new wars the public eye he turns ;  
 He flies all peril, and at reason spurns ;  
 Till prest with danger, by distress assail'd,  
 That baffled courage, and o'er skill prevail'd ;  
 Till foundering in the storm himself had brew'd,  
 He strives at last its horrors to elude.  
 Some wretched shift must still protect his name,  
 And to the guiltless head transfer his shame :  
 Then hearing modest silence oppose  
 His rash advice, that golden time he chose ;  
 And while big surges threaten'd to overwhelm  
 The ship, ingloriously forsook the helm.

But all th' events collected to relate,  
 Let us his actions recapitulate.

He first assum'd, by mean perfidious art,  
 Those patriot tenets foreign to his heart :  
 Next, by his country's fond applauses swell'd,  
 Hurst himself forward into power, and held

The reins on principles which he alone,  
 Grown drunk and wanton with success, could own;  
 Betray'd her interest, and abus'd his trust;  
 Then, deaf to prayers, forsook her in disgust;  
 With tragic mummery, and most vile grimace,  
 Rode through the city with a woeful face,  
 As in distress, a patriot out of place!  
 Insults his generous prince, and in the day  
 Of trouble skulks, because he cannot sway!  
 In foreign climes embroils him with allies!  
 And bids at home the flames of Discord rise!

She comes! from hell the exulting fury springs!  
 With grim destruction sailing on her wings!  
 Around her scream an hundred haïpies fell!  
 An hundred demons shriek with hideous yell!  
 From where, in mortal venom dipt on high,  
 Full-drawn the deadliest shafts of satire fly,  
 Where Churchill brandishes his clumsy club,  
 And Wilkes unloads his excremental tub,  
 Down to where Entick, awkward and unclean,  
 Crawls on his native dust, a worm obscene!  
 While with unnumber'd wings, from van to rear,  
 Myriads of nameless buzzing drones appear:  
 From their dark cells the angry insects swarm,  
 And every little sting attempts to arm.  
 Here Chaplains,\* Privileges,\* moulder round,  
 And feeble Scourges\* rot upon the ground:  
 Here hungry Kenrick strives, with fruitless aim,  
 With Grub-street slander to extend his name:  
 At Bruin flies the flavering, snarling cur,  
 But only fills his famish'd jaws with fur.  
 Here Baldwin spreads th' assassinating eloke,  
 Where lurking rancour gives the secret stroke:  
 While, gorg'd with filth, around this senseless block,  
 A swarm of spider-bards obsequious flock:  
 While his demure Welch Goat, with lifted hoof,  
 In Poet's-Corner hangs each flimsy woof;

\* Certain poems intended to be very satirical; but alas!—we refer the reader to the Reviews,

nd frisky grown, attempts, with awkward prance,  
n wit's gay theatre to bleat and dance.

ere, seiz'd with iliac passion, mouthing Lcech,  
oo low, alas! for satire's whip to reach,  
rom his black entrails, faction's common sewer,  
isgorges all her excremental store.

With equal pity and regret the muse  
The thundering storms that rage around her views;  
mpartial views the tides of discord blend,  
Here lordly rogues for power and place contend;  
Here not her patriot-heart with anguish torn,  
ould eye the opposing chiefs with equal scorn.  
et freedom's deadliest fogs for freedom bawl,  
like to her who govern or who fall!  
loof she stands, all unconcern'd and mute,  
While the rude rabble bellow, "Down with Bute!"  
While villainy the scourge of justice bilks,  
owl on, ye ruffians! "Liberty and Wilkes."  
et some soft mummy of a peer, who stains  
his rank, some sodden lump of ass's brains,  
o that abandon'd wretch his sanction give;  
pport his slander, and his wants relieve!  
et the great hydra roar aloud for Pitt,  
nd power and wisdom all to him submit!  
et proud ambition's sons, with hearts severe,  
like parricides, their mother's bowels tear!  
dition her triumphant flag display,  
nd in embodied ranks her troops array!  
While coward justice, trembling on her seat,  
like a vile slave descends to lick her feet!  
or here let censure draw her awful blade,  
From her theme the wayward muse has stray'd!  
ometimes th' impetuous torrent, o'er its mounds  
edundant bursting, swamps the adjacent grounds;  
ut rapid, and impatient of delay,  
Through the deep channel still pursues its way.  
Our pilot now retir'd, no pleasures knows,  
at every man and measure to oppose;  
like Æsop's cur, still snarling and perverse,  
loats with envy, to maul and a curse,

No more at council his advice will lend,  
 But with all others who advise contend :  
 He bids distraction o'er his country blaze,  
 Then, swelter'd with revenge, retreats to Hayes : \*  
 Swallows the pension ; but aware of blame,  
 Transfers the proffer'd peerage to his dame.  
 The felon thus of old, his name to save,  
 His pilfer'd mutton to a brother gave.

But should some frantic wretch., whom all men know  
 To nature and humanity a foe,  
 Deaf to the widow's moan and orphan's cry,  
 And dead to shame and friendship's social tie ;  
 Should such a miscreant, at the hour of death,  
 To thee his fortunes and domains bequeath ;  
 With cruel rancour wresting from his heirs  
 What nature taught them to expect as theirs ;  
 Would'st thou with this detested robber join,  
 Their legal wealth to plunder and purloin ?  
 Forbid it Heaven ! thou canst not be so base,  
 To blast thy name with infamous disgrace !  
 The muse who wakes, yet triumphs o'er thy hate,  
 Dares not so black a thought anticipate :  
 By Heaven, the muse her ignorance betrays ;  
 For while a thousand eyes with wonder gaze,  
 Though gorg'd and glutted with his country's store,  
 The vulture pounces on the shining ore ;  
 In his strong talons grips the golden prey,  
 And from the weeping orphan bears away.

The great, th' alarming deed is yet to come,  
 That, big with fate, strikes expectation dumb.  
 O ! patient, injur'd England, yet unveil  
 Thy eyes, and listen to the muse's tale,  
 That, true as honour, unadorn'd with art,  
 Thy wrongs in fair succession shall impart !

Ere yet the desolating god of war  
 Had crush'd pale Europe with his iron car,  
 Had shook her shores with terrible alarms,  
 And thunder'd o'er the trembling deep, To arms !

\* See anecdotes of Lucca Pitt, a man of a very similar complexion and constitution, in "Machiavel's History of Florence," 1753.

In climes remote, beyond the setting sun,  
 Beyond th' Atlantic wave, his rage begun.  
 Alas ! poor country, how with pangs unknown  
 To Britain did thy filial bosom groan !  
 What savage armies did thy realms invade,  
 Unarm'd, and distant from maternal aid !  
 Thy cottages with cruel flames consum'd,  
 And the sad owner to destruction doom'd ;  
 Wrangled with wounds, with pungent anguish torn,  
 Or left to perish naked and forlorn !  
 What carnage reek'd upon thy ruin'd plain !  
 What infants bled ! what virgins shriek'd in vain !  
 In every look distraction seem'd to glare,  
 Each heart was rack'd with horror and despair.  
 To Albion then, with groans and piercing cries,  
 America lift up her dying eye ;  
 To generous Albion pour'd forth all her pain,  
 To whom the wretched never wept in vain.  
 She heard, and instant to relieve her flew,  
 Her arm the gleaming sword of vengeance drew ;  
 Far o'er the ocean wave her voice was known,  
 That shook the deep abyss from zone to zone :  
 She bade the thunder of the battle glow,  
 And pour'd the storm of lightning on the foe :  
 Nor ceas'd, till, crown'd with victory complete,  
 Pale Spain and France lay trembling at her feet.\*  
 Her fears dispell'd, and all her foes remov'd,  
 Her fertile grounds industriously improv'd,  
 Her towns with trade, with fleets her harbours crown'd,  
 And plenty smiling on her plains around ;  
 Thus blest with all that commerce could supply,  
 America regards with jealous eye,  
 And canker'd heart, the parent, who so late  
 Had snatch'd her gasping from the jaws of fate ;  
 When now, with wars for her begun, relax'd,  
 With grievous aggravated burdens tax'd,

\* See Marine Dictionary, article Cartel, and a letter from Mr. Secretary Pitt to the several Governors and Councils in North America, relating to the Flag of Truce Trade, Aug. 21. 1760.

Her treasures wasted by a hungry brood  
Of cormorants, that suck her vital blood ;  
Who now of her demands that tribute due,  
For whom alone th' avenging sword she drew.

Scarcely had America the just request  
Received, when, kindling in her faithless breast,  
Resentment glows, enrag'd sedition burns,  
And lo ! the mandate of our laws she spurns !  
Her secret hate, incapable of shame  
Or gratitude, incenses to a flame,  
Derides our power, bids insurrection rise,  
Insults our honour, and our laws defies ;  
O'er all her coasts is heard th' audacious roar,  
“ England shall rule America no more.”

Soon as on Britain's shore th' alarm was heard,  
Stern indignation in her look appear'd ;  
Yet, loth to punish, she her scourge withheld  
From her perfidious sons, who thus rebell'd :  
Now stung with anguish, now with rage assail'd,  
Till pity in her soul at last prevail'd,  
Determin'd not to draw her penal steel,  
Till fair persuasion made her last appeal.

And now the great decisive hour drew nigh,  
She on her darling patriot cast her eye :  
His voice like thunder will support her cause,  
Enforce her dictates, and sustain her laws ;  
Rich with her spoils, his sanction will dismay,  
And bid th' insurgents tremble and obey.

He comes !—but where the amazing theme to hit,  
Discover language or ideas fit ?  
Splay-footed words, that hector, bounce, or swagger,  
The sense to puzzle, and the brain to stagger ?  
Our patriot comes !—with frenzy fir'd, the muse  
With allegoric eye his figure views :  
Like the grim portress of hell-gate he stands,  
Bellona's scourge hangs trembling in his hands !  
Around him, fiercer than the ravenous shark,  
‘ A cry of hell-hounds never-ceasing bark !’  
And lo ! th' enormous giant to bedeck,  
A golden millstone hangs upon his neck !

On him ambition's vulture darts her claws,  
 And with voracious rage his liver gnaws.  
 Our patriot comes !—the buckles of whose shoes  
 Not Cromwell's self was worthy to unloose.  
 Repeat his name in thunder to the skies !  
 Ye hills fall prostrate, and ye vales arise !  
 Through faction's wilderness prepare the way !  
 Prepare, ye listening senates to obey !  
 The idol of the mob, behold him stand,  
 The alpha and omega of the land !

Methinks I hear the bellowing demagogue  
 Dumb-sounding declamations disemogue,  
 Expressions of immeasurable length,  
 Where pompous jargon fills the place of strength ;  
 Where fulminating, rumbling, eloquence,  
 With loud theatric rage, bombards the sense ;  
 And words, deep rank'd in horrible array,  
 Exasperated metaphors convey !  
 With these auxiliaries, drawn up at large,  
 He bids enrag'd sedition beat the charge ;  
 From England's sanguine hope his aid withdraws,  
 And lifts to guide in insurrection's cause.  
 And lo ! where in her sacrilegious hand,  
 The parricide lifts high her burning brand !  
 Go, while she yet suspends her impious aim,  
 With those infernal lungs arouse the flame !  
 Though England merits not her least regard,  
 Thy friendly voice gold boxes shall reward !  
 Arise, embark ! prepare thy martial car,  
 To lead her armies, and provoke the war !  
 Rebellion waits, impatient of delay,  
 The signal her black ensigns to display. \*

To thee, whose soul, all stedfast and serene,  
 Beholds the tumults that distract our scene ;  
 And, in the calmer seats of wisdom plac'd,  
 Enjoys the sweet of sentiment and taste ;

\* See account of the fall of Lucca Pitt, in "Machiavel's History of Florence."

To thee, O Marius ! whom no factions sway,  
 Th' impartial muse devotes her honest lay !  
 In her fond breast no prostituted aim,  
 Nor venal hope, assume fair friendship's name :  
 Sooner shall Churchill's feeble meteor-ray,  
 That led our foundering demagogue astray,  
 Darkling to grope and flounce in error's night,  
 Eclipse great Mansfield's strong meridian light,  
 Than shall the change of fortune, time or place,  
 Thy generous friendship in my heart efface !  
 O ! whether wandering from thy country far,  
 And plung'd amid the murdering scenes of war ;  
 Or in the blest retreat of virtue laid,  
 Where contemplation spreads her awful shade ;  
 If ever to forget thee I have power,  
 May Heaven desert me at my latest hour !

Still satire bids my bosom beat to arms,  
 And throb with irresistible alarms.  
 Like some full river, charg'd with falling showers,  
 Still o'er my breast her swelling deluge pours.  
 But rest and silence now, who wait beside,  
 With their strong flood-gates bar th' impetuous tide.

\* \* \* \* \*

THE END.



J. Hales, Printer, Old Boswell Court, Strand.